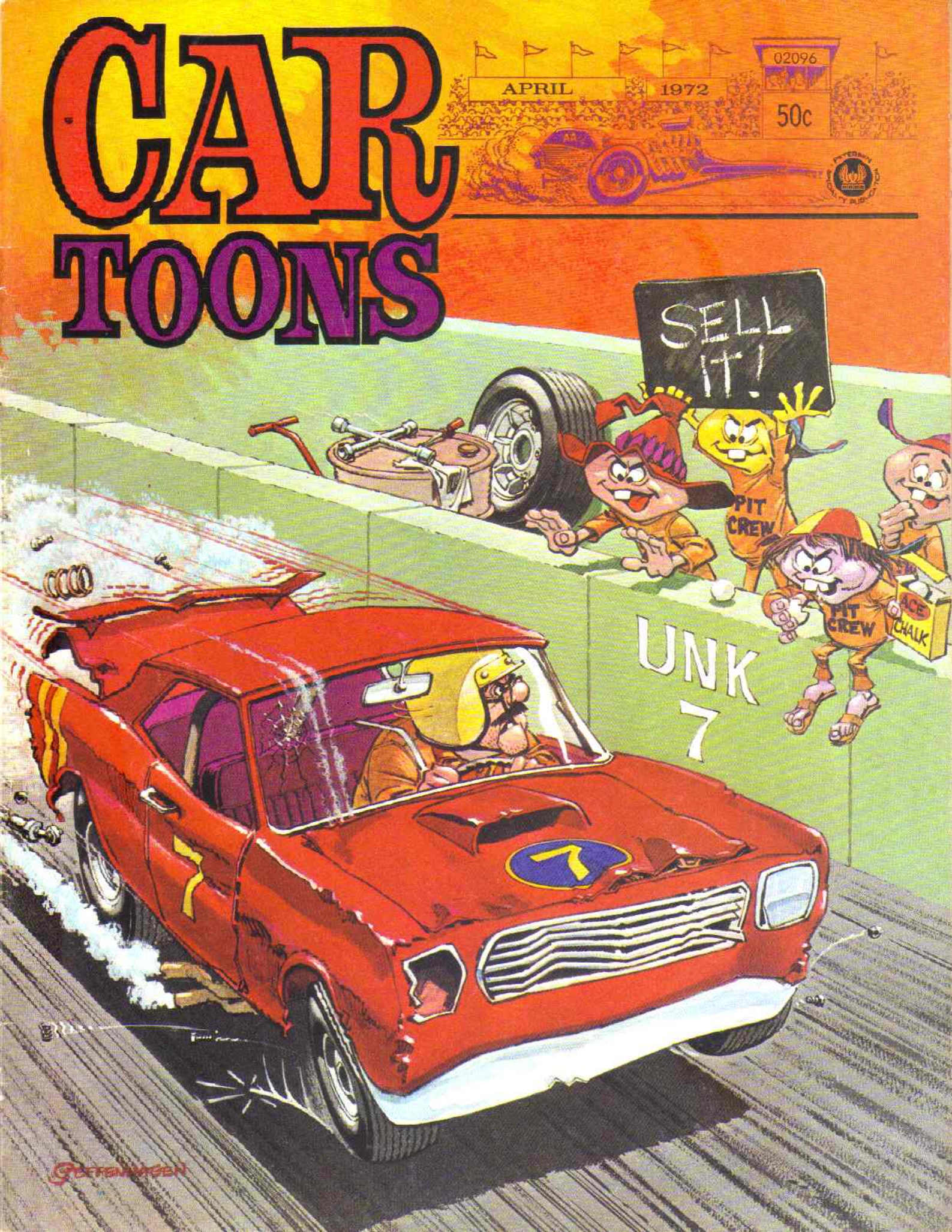
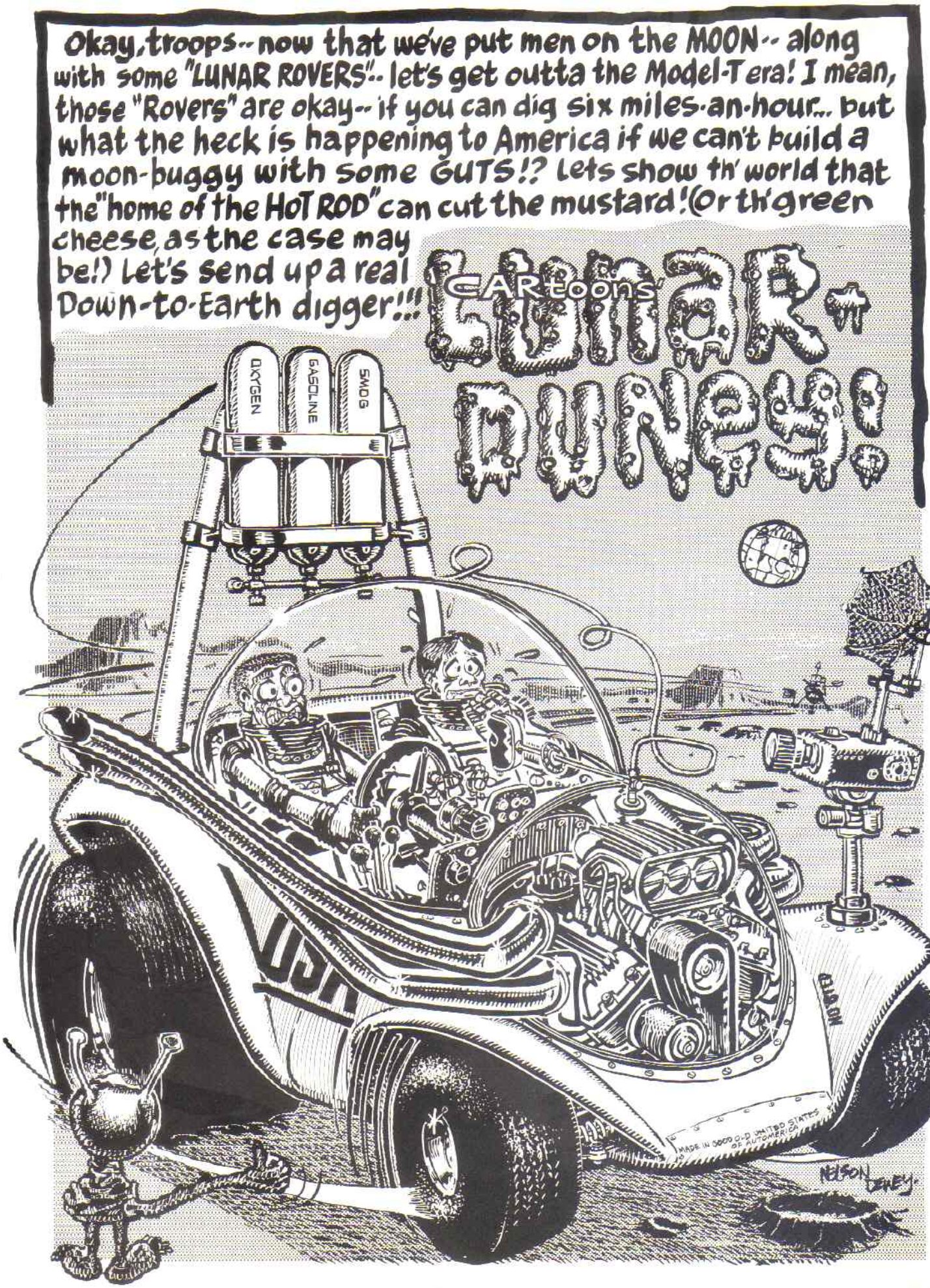
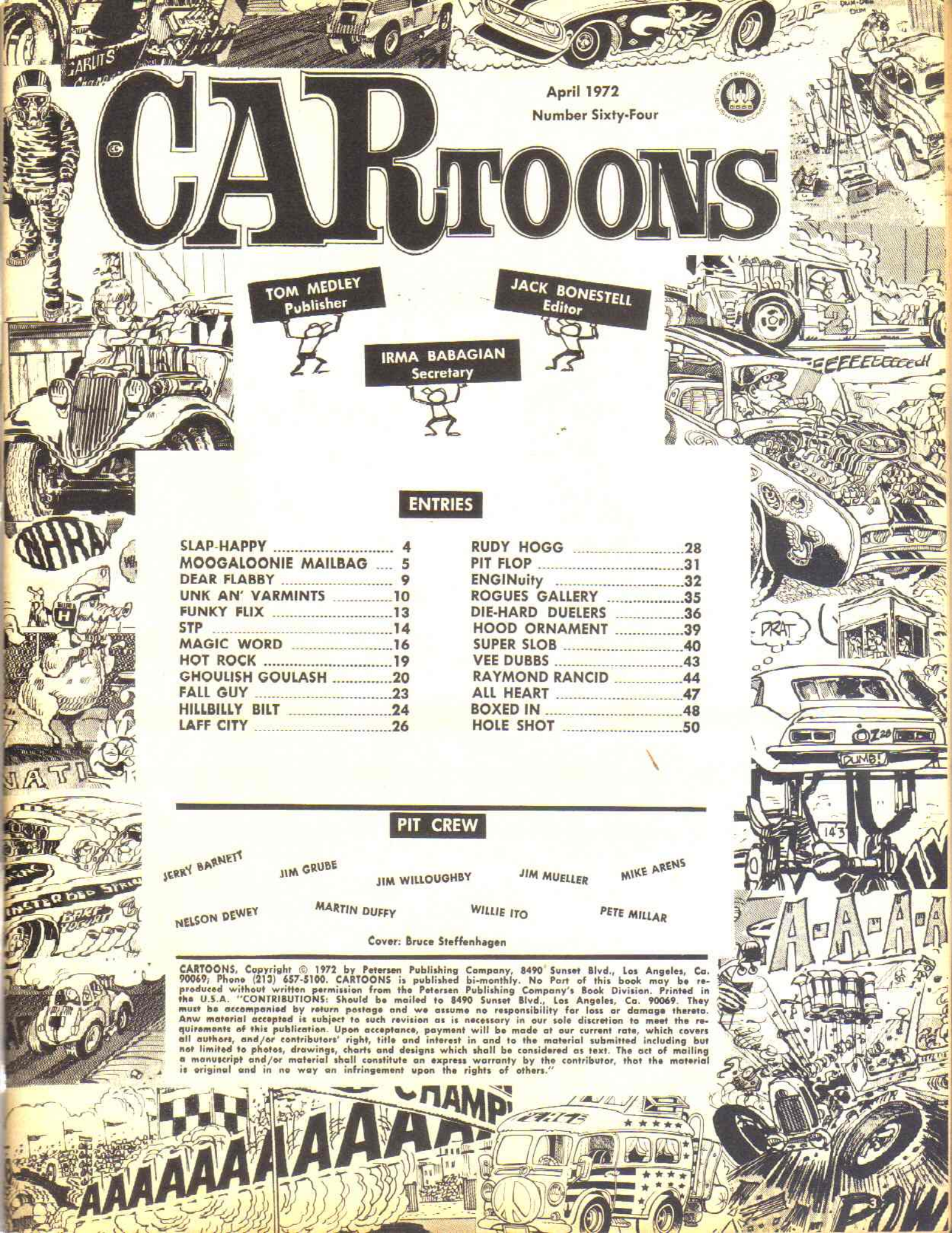

CAR TOONS
APRIL
1972
02096
50c
SELL IT!
PIT CREW
PIT CREW
ACE CHALK
UNK 7
7


Okay, troops-- now that we've put men on the MOON-- along with some "LUNAR ROVERS"-- let's get outta the Model-T era! I mean, those "Rovers" are okay-- if you can dig six miles-an-hour... but what the heck is happening to America if we can't build a moon-buggy with some GUTS!? Lets show th' world that the "home of the HOT ROD" can cut the mustard! (Or th' green cheese, as the case may be!) Let's send up a real Down-to-Earth digger!!!
CARtoons
LUNAR RUNS!
OXYGEN
GASOLINE
SMOG
MADE IN GOOD O-D UNITED STATES OF AUTOMERICA
NELSON DEWEY



CARTOONS

April 1972
Number Sixty-Four

TOM MEDLEY
Publisher

JACK BONESTELL
Editor

IRMA BABAGIAN
Secretary

ENTRIES

SLAP-HAPPY	4	RUDY HOGG	28
MOOGALOONIE MAILBAG	5	PIT FLOP	31
DEAR FLABBY	9	ENGINuity	32
UNK AN' VARMINTS	10	ROGUES GALLERY	35
FUNKY FLIX	13	DIE-HARD DUELERS	36
STP	14	HOOD ORNAMENT	39
MAGIC WORD	16	SUPER SLOB	40
HOT ROCK	19	VEE DUBBS	43
GHOULISH GOULASH	20	RAYMOND RANCID	44
FALL GUY	23	ALL HEART	47
HILLBILLY BILT	24	BOXED IN	48
LAFF CITY	26	HOLE SHOT	50

PIT CREW

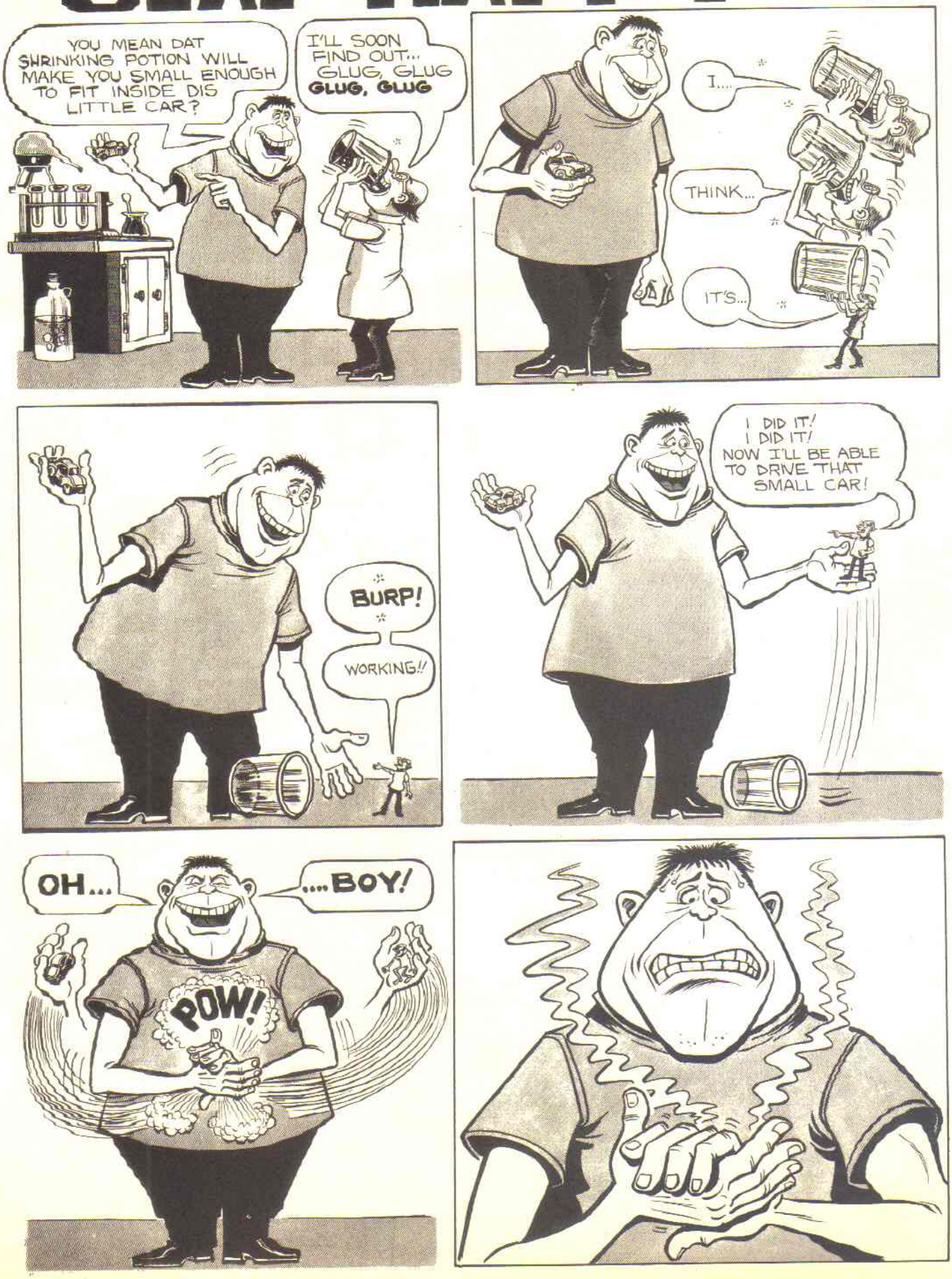
JERRY BARNETT
JIM GRUBE
JIM WILLOUGHBY
JIM MUELLER
MIKE ARENS
NELSON DEWEY
MARTIN DUFFY
WILLIE ITO
PETE MILLAR

Cover: Bruce Steffenhagen

CARTOONS, Copyright © 1972 by Petersen Publishing Company, 8490 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca. 90069; Phone (213) 657-5100. CARTOONS is published bi-monthly. No Part of this book may be reproduced without written permission from the Petersen Publishing Company's Book Division. Printed in the U.S.A. "CONTRIBUTIONS: Should be mailed to 8490 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca. 90069. They must be accompanied by return postage and we assume no responsibility for loss or damage thereto. Anw material accepted is subject to such revision as is necessary in our sole discretion to meet the requirements of this publication. Upon acceptance, payment will be made at our current rate, which covers all authors, and/or contributors' right, title and interest in and to the material submitted including but not limited to photos, drawings, charts and designs which shall be considered as text. The act of mailing a manuscript and/or material shall constitute an express warranty by the contributor, thot the material is original and in no way an infringement upon the rights of others."

SLAP-HAPPY

JIM MUELLER



UNK'S MODGALOONIE



Sorry, no subscriptions.
On stand sales only.

Every time I get hold of one of yer magazines my old man has to read it first. Then all my little brothers hafta git their cruddy little mitts on it. By the time I git to see what's left of it, ya got another one comin' out. You guys got a pretty good hunk of trash but it takes a while for I get ta read one. Half the guys that write them letters are just shootin' the bull, which I don't take to kindly of, and they don't know what they're talkin' about. Them Ford lovers can bring their iron over my way if they wanta git shut down. I got a '66 Chevy Impala SS with a 327 High-Pro, 4-speed Muncie and 5.13 rear gears runnin' 11-inch Uniroyals. I got Keystones all the way around an' 8.00x 14's in the front. I'm all for dat CARespondin' bit, specially with chicks. I didn't know any chick would read dis garbage, but any girl between 14 and 17 that wants to write, I will write back.

MIKE BULL
RD #1
Glen Rock, Pa. 17327

Unk: I'm a guy in the Navy. I'm out on the Aircraft Carrier "Ropie" in the Mediterranean right now. The flight deck is just long enough for 1/8-mile drags, but the run-off area is a little wet. I'm a Vette fan. I used to race a '69 L-88 with Kustom headers in A/P S.C.C.A. I'm also a sports car nut, so any girls who dig things like MG, Saab, Vetts or bikes, who are 17-19, write!

F.N. KEN STERLING D509152
USS Franklin D. Roosevelt
F.P.O.
New York, New York 09501

To Whom It May Concern: I have a '30 Model "A" Ford, stock, it won't spin its tires unless they're wet, won't do over 50 mph, and runs the 1/4 mile everytime, under half an hour. Anyone wishing to race, or write; contact me and maybe we can get a date. I'm not too tall, and not too ugly. Warning: I travel alot, so if I get your address I might drop by.

GEORGE GILFILLAN (17)
3440 Bayonne Drive
San Diego, California 92109

We own a parts shop. We have worked on many engines. Wow, talk about a mean street machine, ours is it! To start with, it's got four really, I mean four, engines on it; all four are 429 Chevy V8's with a pair of Mustang heads on the two that drove the front making it a Chevrostang! Their all super charged with Lakewood blowers and Mr. Gasket gaskets and Edelbrock manifolds, I have .004 bore in the blocks, thanks to Keith Black of California, Crane Cams, TRW high dome pistons are with it. We used Haye's clutches, discs and flywheels. Hooker Headers are among the few. Crager mags with Hurst competition plus on my Muncie with timing chains. I also use Hurst Airheart brakes on it to top it all off, I use a hand-formed fiberglass custom made Chevy Vega body and custom made seats by Ansen Ltd.

JOHN LUKON
Box C2
Smithville, Mo. 64089

HI UNK: I'm in Uncle Sam's Marine Corps., and I'm stationed on a lonely rock called Okinawa. I'm driving a M-123 A2 10-ton semi-tractor. It has a 300 hp V-8 cummins diesel engine, 10 speed tranny, dual smoke stacks, 14"x24" tires and twin tandem axles. It'll do 50 mph top speed, if you push the throttle far enough to trim your toe nail in the fan. The top speed on the island is 30 mph, so don't ask how I know it'll do 50. It isn't very good looking, but it sure is big, so if I can't out-run them, I will run them over. I'd leave my address but I don't want Melvin trying to offer me a trade for his "Baby Bummers" Buggy Bomb. It's not that I wouldn't mind trading, but Uncle Sam might not like it. If you want to get rid of Melvin, send him to Barstow, Calif. to munch on them old trucks so they can't rebuild them and send them back. It would save you and us both a headache!

THE UNKNOWN
TRUCK DRIVER!

Moogaloonie Mailbag

Letters appearing here are from readers wanting to CARespond with other Moogaloonie Mailbag readers.

— First-Prize letter, $5. Second, $3. Third, $2. —



Unk: I just thought I would drop a line to let you know that as a college student studying English, I find your magazine very tasteful. In fact, it usually tastes best when mixed with a quart of Drano. However, there are times when I'm so hungry I eat it without reading it. (That way I don't get sick.) The cafeteria food just can't compare. Any chicks wishing to send nitromethane cookies to a devoted drag racer will be happily devoured.

DOUG EDWARDS
Box 95 Conklin Hall
B.G.S.U.
Bowling Green, Ohio 43403

Dear Unk: I've got a car you wouldn't believe. It's a metalflake green '69 Chevy Nova with a Ford 427 blown engine, Hurst gears, Crane racing cam, and the original 4-barrel quadro jet carb. Also a hollow racing manifold and a set of Hooker hedders with two thrush glass pack muffler, air shocks all around so it sits about 3 feet off the ground. And the Crager mags all the way around. It runs in the late 6's at about 108 mph. Hard to believe? Your right, that's why I'm only 12 years old and just hope to build something like that later.

GREG BOONE
7902 Puritan Street
Downey, California 90242

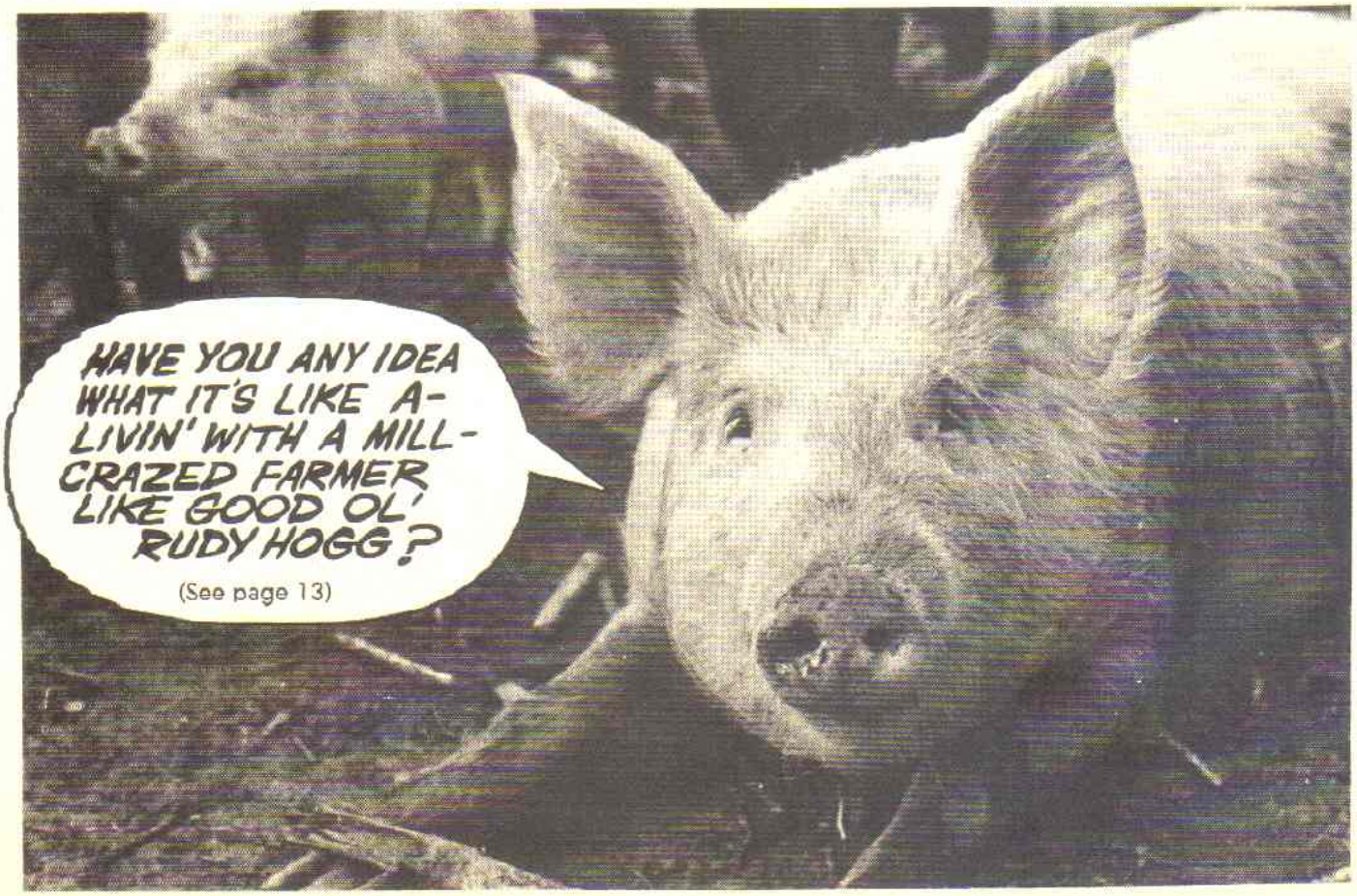
Now cut that out, Greg! We're serious here.

I have a '67 Firebird that is faster than any other pony car on the road. It has a 428 Cobra-jet ram-air mill with a Hilborn injector plus a Crane roller cam, triple Holley carbs, and Cal Custom finned valve covers. It is white with custom fire flame paint job and black rally hood. It has a ten thou Sun tach. With the aid of my Group 7 Can-Am slicks with mags and my spoiler by Cal Custom along with the hood scoops I will blow the doors off of any pony car and leave you fishtailing all over the road. If you would like to try me in the quarter, I own Irwindale drag strip, so come on down.

JOHN ANDERSON
6 Oswald Street
Worcester, Massachusetts

Hi Unk: I hope Melvin runs outa gas soon so he don't cause too much air pollution, it's bad enough already. Alla you gals out there in Cartoonland that would like to write to a sailor, go write ahead. Please send a pic of yurself if ya got one handy. Before I came into the service, I owned a '64 Fairlane with a 289 Hi-Pro that put out 350 ponies with a 4 spt tranny. It would chew up most stock 389 tri-power GTO's I ever saw. It turned low 14's to mid 13's at about 110-115 in the quarter.

ALLEN F. BURDEN RDSN (20)
OI Division
USS Jouett (DLG-29)
F.P.O. San Francisco, California 96601





All you guys who have been bragging to Unk about your hot cars, just set up and take notice here for a minute. I drive a 'hot' '62 Ford Galaxie and I mean she's hot. That radiator flat sings. It has electric windows and last month I could only pay $10 on a $20 electric bill, so the windows on the passenger side won't work. The back U-joint sure sounds pretty when you put her in reverse. When she gets low on oil, those lifters make wild music. And I will bet it gets more of a thing about using oil and power steering fluid than any car in town. I'll flat move on out as long as there's air in the tires.

JINA LANCASTER (22)
General Delivery
Fort Little Rock, Arkansas

Hay Unkie: Yout gotta do something about Melvin. This morning when I went to ride my mean machine, he was sitting in my Holley picking his teeth with one of my valve stems. My mean machine is a '63 Ford Econoline Van. The mill has 240 cubic inches with a Holley single. It is a metalic purple with a white racing stripe down the side. The rear end (inside) is wood panels with a long shag carpet.

SPEEDY MERCER
109 Westchester Drive
Lafayette, La.

Unkie: I was reading yer rag an I got to laffin' so hard they hauled me away to the loonie farm. Frankly, readin' yer rag is as much fun as watchin a disconnected TV set. Why don't ya do sumpthin' good an' ship Melvin ta Siberia. Tell Rudy Hogg's pig, Ruppert, my dog Barney, (no relation ta Barney Oldfield) will take him on in a drag race any time Rudy can keep him away from da popcorn!

DAN SELL
2602 South Earl Avenue
Lafayette, Indiana 47904

Address your wiggy words of wisdom to:
MOOGALOONIE MAILBAG
8490 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90069

Dear Melvin: I realize that you have a problem . . . a big 280-pound problem! (UNK) but you have to realize he has a little problem too. But let's not go into small and minor details like his brain! I also find your magazine very useful 'cause I just got a new puppy. Any girls from 12-14 please write a guy.

LARRY COUTURIER
353 Robey Place S.E.
Grand Rapids, Michigan 49506

I'm writing this letter to all the clowns who say they have hot cars. If you guys think you have hot machines take them to the strip so you can get your points and go to the Nationals at Indianapolis and try to beat my brother Dave's wheelstanding "GRANNY GOOSE II" Camaro. It's a D/MP production with a 307 C. I. mill that turns in the 10's and low 11's. It's equipped with such goodies as (MH, CRAGER, EDELBROCK, FRAM, ENGLE, VALVOLINE, etc.). If there is still any one out there that would like to try to beat us, see you at Indy. We also hope to go to the NHRA WORLD FINALS, at Dallas, Texas. By the way if there are any girls out there that would like to write do your thing, I'll do mine and write back, or if your at the Nationals look me up, just walk up to "GRANNY GOOSE" and ask for "Wayne."

WAYNE LEWIS (16)
RR #1
Milan, Indiana 47031

What's happenin' down there in Varmintville? I mean like every body jus' has to brag about GM—(General Mixups). Well, not me baby! I'm Mopar and that's where the action is! I own and drive the well known "Road Rat" from Lockport, New York (my hometown). It is a '68 Road Runner Sport Coupe, 383 cu. in., Holley 780 dual feed AP Headers, Lakewood traction bars, SW tach and 4.30 zoom gears. A very respectable low 13-second street machine that has gotten me three trophies at local strips. The exterior color is black with black interior too. You know, black like a rat is, that's how it got its name. If there are any blue eyed, nice looking blonde girls that would like to write to a real gorgeous brown haired green eyed male, please hurry and send a picture if possible.

THE "ROAD RAT" (23)
FRED BOWER
97 Olcott Street
Lockport, New York 14094



Did you hear about the accident last Thursday? A lady skid off the road driving a Ford. She blew her horn three times and the tree still didn't get out of the way.

ROSS GOOD (13)
905 Karendale Avenue
Kalamazoo, Michigan

The tree was probably petrified . . . wood, that is.

Your Mailbag has so little taste that we wrote a poem to give it some class. "About our Willys I'll brag, and I'd surely give you a drag, except the motor won't run (and that's no fun,) 'cause draggin' is our bag. A hole's in the roof for the sun, and front seats are none, but the tires are fine to get off the line; You see, they've never been spun."

G. NICHOL
G. CHARTIER
219 Northmount Drive
Calgary 47, Alta., Canada

Roses are red, violets are blue, them varmints make a lousy pit crew.

KURT (FIREBIRD) PURELLO
114 Grrenleaf Drive
Newtonville, New York

That's a rather Kurt statement, Kurt.

Get this, I'm building a mini-dragster with a Briggs & Stratton 4-cycle engine. Believe it or not, it churns 5 horses. It's not a Garlit's eliminator but what can you expect from a 11 year old? Ask "Baby Bummer" if he wants to drag his bomb with my dragster!

TIMOTHY STREETER
RD #1
Adams, New York 13605

Yer not in the same fuel class. Baby Bummer runs his buggy on Pablum.

Roses are red. Violets are blue. Unk's car's held together with Elmer's glue!

DOUG TURNER
3508 May Road
Richmond, California 94803

And shame on you . . .

Boy, am I ever mad at you! Howcumisit that you never have any letters from us good people here in Iowa? Maybe I'm the only one in the whole state reading your mag . . . huh? I have a '49 Schwinn that runs like new! Equipped with wide ovals, custom paint job, and tops it off at 10 miles an hour. Far-out! Actually I boogie around town in my well-known (around here anyway) 65 Ambassador. Under the hood . . . a 327 (and a 4 barrel) with an automatic on the console. Runs darn nice! I'm not a lonesome chick, but I do like to write! I will answer any, and all, letters from guys . . . 16 to 25. Thanks to you mag, I have a friend in Puerto Rico, and would like to have more friends from all over the world. To the guys (GI's) overseas . . . I love you all . . . especially my big brother, who's in Germany. Keep the chins up guys, and if you're really serious about wanting to write to, drop me a line!

LINDA SNYDER (19)
1003 High Street
Council Bluffs, Iowa 51501

Unk: I really love your magazine. Though I don't understand much of the talk. I need some pen pals, any age. I would really love to hear from guys in the service. I will answer every letter.

ISABEL VALENZUELA
927 South George Drive
Tempe, Arizona 85281

I just found one of your magazines in my brother's closet. I read that book all the way through. I like the cartoons. I do like cars. Hope to get a Chevy some day. Any of you boys out there want to cheer up a girl?

ANNA DANIEL (14)
1405 32nd Street N
B'ham, Ala. 35234

CHIC CHAT

I am a different girl in school, as the other girls. At school they call me 'grease monkey' because I like to work on cars. My dad has a '57 Chevy with double-over-head cams, with Doug headers, high riser, that hits 178 with hemi high riser scoop.

DEBBIE POE (15)
2400 South 30th Street
La Crosse, Wisconsin 54601

URGENT NEWS UNK: Upon awakening yesterday morning, I heard the most unusual sound, like tiny feet running around in wet galoshes. I threw my robe on with my hair still up in curlers and went out to investigate. I came upon the most horrified scene, as my eyes dropped from their sockets, and my curlers popped off one by one. Each one of those five monstrous creatures (VARMINTS) had demolished my father's purple Corvette. The first one with the baby outfit on was sliding up and down the ducktail-spoiler-bumper. The second one was taking apart the 304.6-cu.-inch Bartz Chevrolet engine piece by piece. The third one was chomping away at the Champion spark plugs, like they were chocolate covered grasshoppers. The fourth one was gulping down the gasoline!

CINDY S. MICHALOWSKI (17)
2054 Treewood Lane
San Jose, California 95132

Dear Unk: I really like your magazine but I don't know anything about cars.

BONNIE GURULE
1107 Tucker Street
Sanger, California 93657

Hello Unk:
I live in a little town called Milpitas, California. Since it is such a little town I have nothing to do but write letters. I will write to anyone. I have 40 pen pals now in contact with me all over the world but I would like to have more pen pals all over the world. Even though I am married, I still write to everyone and anyone. I have written to our men in Vietnam for five years and dig it. I know they appreciate those cards and letters coming. And as long as I am able, I will write to anyone. I am even a good problem solver. Use to have my own column on a newspaper here. But then the paper went broke. So anyone wanting to write to an 18-year-old married chick for the fun of it, please go ahead and do so . . . all my mail is answered. Even my bills.

DORETTA ELLEN HAGER (18)
1775 Sunnyhills Drive
Milpitas, California 95035

Hiya all: Well some guys claim that when they write to a girl, they don't get an answer. Well, I'll give ya one. I'm 5'4", brown hair (shoulder length) brown eyes and besides that I love Chevy's!

CINDY BORD (15)
330 9th Street North
Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin 54494

Unk: I am a girl-type and I don't know the first thing about cars, (but learning!) except that it's usually a thing-a-ma-bobb that goes pop-sputter-fizzle and I am in trouble. So any guy that's willin' and ready to explain about what that what-cha-ma-call-it won't work unless that little doo-dad is hooked up to that funny looking little thing. Write.

LORI MASON
P. O. Box 1254
Yamhill, Oregan 97148

Let's Face It — **Unk as a child was a rotten-to-the-core carzy kid.**





CHIC CHAT

Dear Flabby..

Enclosed is a snapshot of my two little pesty brothers. They're both car nuts. Instead of boats and rubber ducks they take their cars in the tub on their Saturday nite baths. We call them "Pappy" and "Unkie" 'cause they look like they belong in a comic book. Mom and Dad are worried about "Pappy"—isn't it a little strange for a kid of seven to have a beard?

TERI WYTHE
Norfolk, Va.

Yes, and the fat one to have a doorknob for a nose.

Dear Flabby:
I've got this here bummer boyfren that's so cheap he wouldn't spend a nickel to see an earthquake, but he's tapped me for boo-coo bucks for a set of mags for his crummy car! Last Christmas he gave ME a set of socket wrenches from HIM, then took them back, saying he made a mistake on the tag. It was supposed to be a present from ME to HIM, and he's been buggin' me for the price of the 'present' back ever since. How do you like THEM apples, Flabbytoons?!

DEBBIE WALLER
Detroit, Mich.

If you play your cards right, you might even persuade him to let you make his car payments, too.

Dear Flabby:
This guy I go with is a real weirdo. He's always yakking how he digs 'models' . . . so I blew some heavy bread taking a course in 'modeling.' Now I find out that it was model CARS he's been hung up on! Should I continue going with him?

RUBY GIOVANNI
Daytona, Fla.

Does a chicken have lips?

My boyfren has a super hot 'vette, Empi VW dune Buggy, Dodge Charger R/T with a 440 Magnum, and a 750cc Suzuki bike. He says he'll give them all up for me. Is he sincere?

ELLEN O'NEIL
Nashville, Tenn.

No, he's crazy.

Dear Shabby:
I have a problem. This car clod I'm hung up on won't take me ANYwhere in his car—he's afraid to get a speck of dust on his super 'stang. BUT he's conned me into WASHING the darn thing every day! That's all I know—wash, wash, WASH! My birthday is coming up and he's promised to get me something special, if I keep up my washing bit. Should I trust him?

Signed, WASHED OUT.

Dear Washed Out:
He'll probably keep his word. He'll get you a dryer.

I'm bugged! I'm bananas about CARS! My boyfriend digs on bikes. How can I get him off his bike bag and go for cars?

SANDRA MERRICK
San Antonio, Texas

Recycle his cycle.

Dear Fab Flabby:
In the past, boys never gave me a second glance. I've been told that I wouldn't stand out in a crowd of two. Then recently I bought a hot Camaro 350SS and suddenly guys are looking at me and whistling when I drive by. I'm extremely mechanical, being a first-folder in a paperbox factory, but I have just quit and am planning on becoming a movie star. Should I start my new career by getting my picture on the cover of "TEEN" magazine?

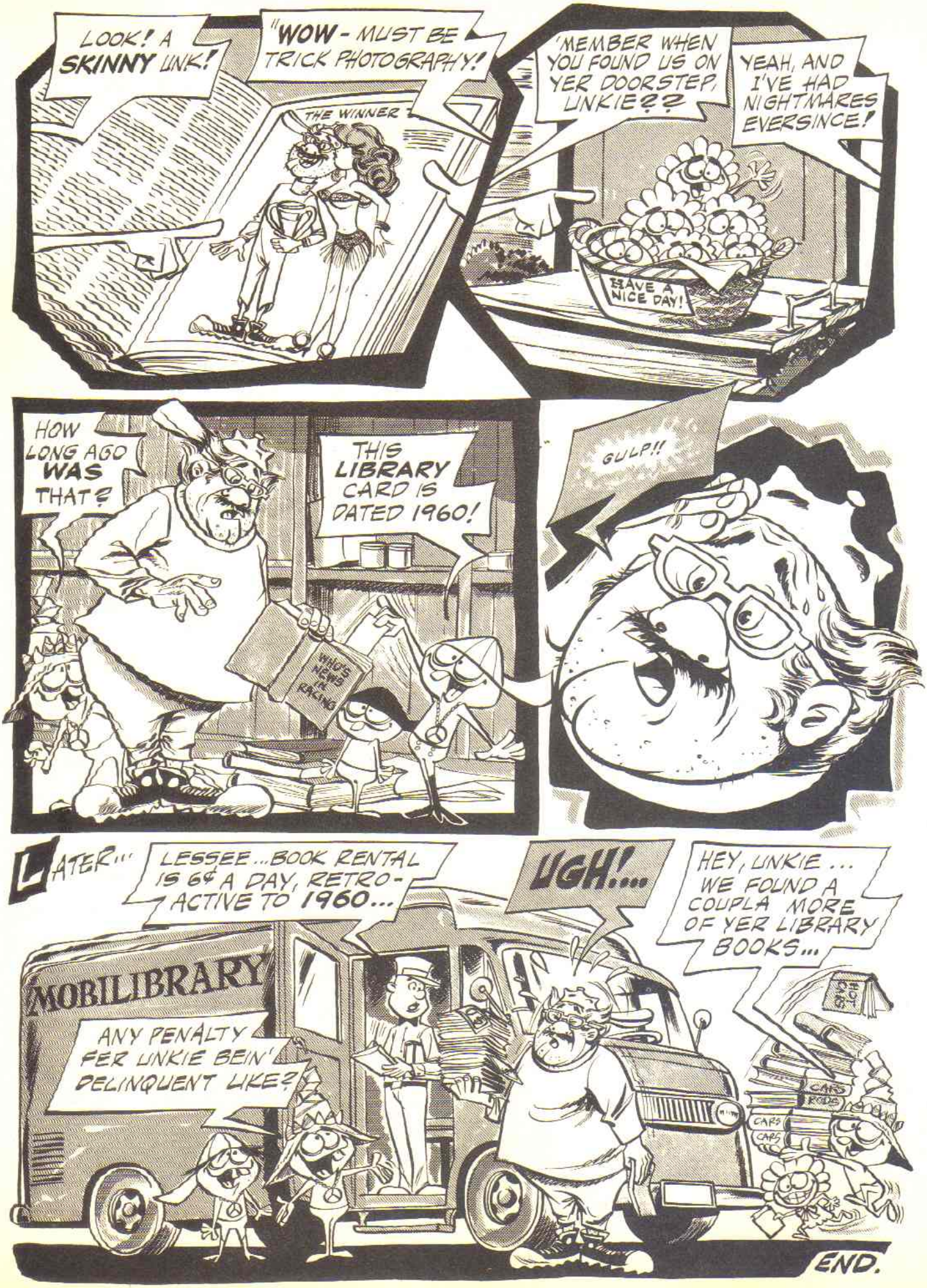
DIANE STRATHMORE
Trenton, N.J.

It might be more fitting to be in the center-fold of "Popular Mechanics."




UNK AN' THEM VARMINTS
STORY BY "UNK" — ART BY MIKE ARENS
WOT'S GOIN' ON HERE? YOU POOPED TROOPS SITTIN' AROUND WAITIN' FOR YOUR RETIREMENT PAY?!!
IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE DAYS, UNKIE... WE'RE COOLIN' IT!!
ALL WORK AN' NO PLAY MAKES FOR A GROUCHY GROUP!
WELL, I GOT JUST TH' JOB FOR YOU GOOFY CLOWNS!!
C'MON - YOU'LL BE HELPIN' TH' ECOLOGY CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN...
SLAVE DRIVER!
WORK JUST AIN'T OUR BAG!
A LIL' TIDYING UP JOB FOR YOU FUNKY FREAKS!
WHERE DO WE START?
WE START BY FERGITTIN' TH' WHOLE MESS!!
THIS MESS IS ENUFF TA UPSET MELVIN'S STOMACH!
PAGE 10

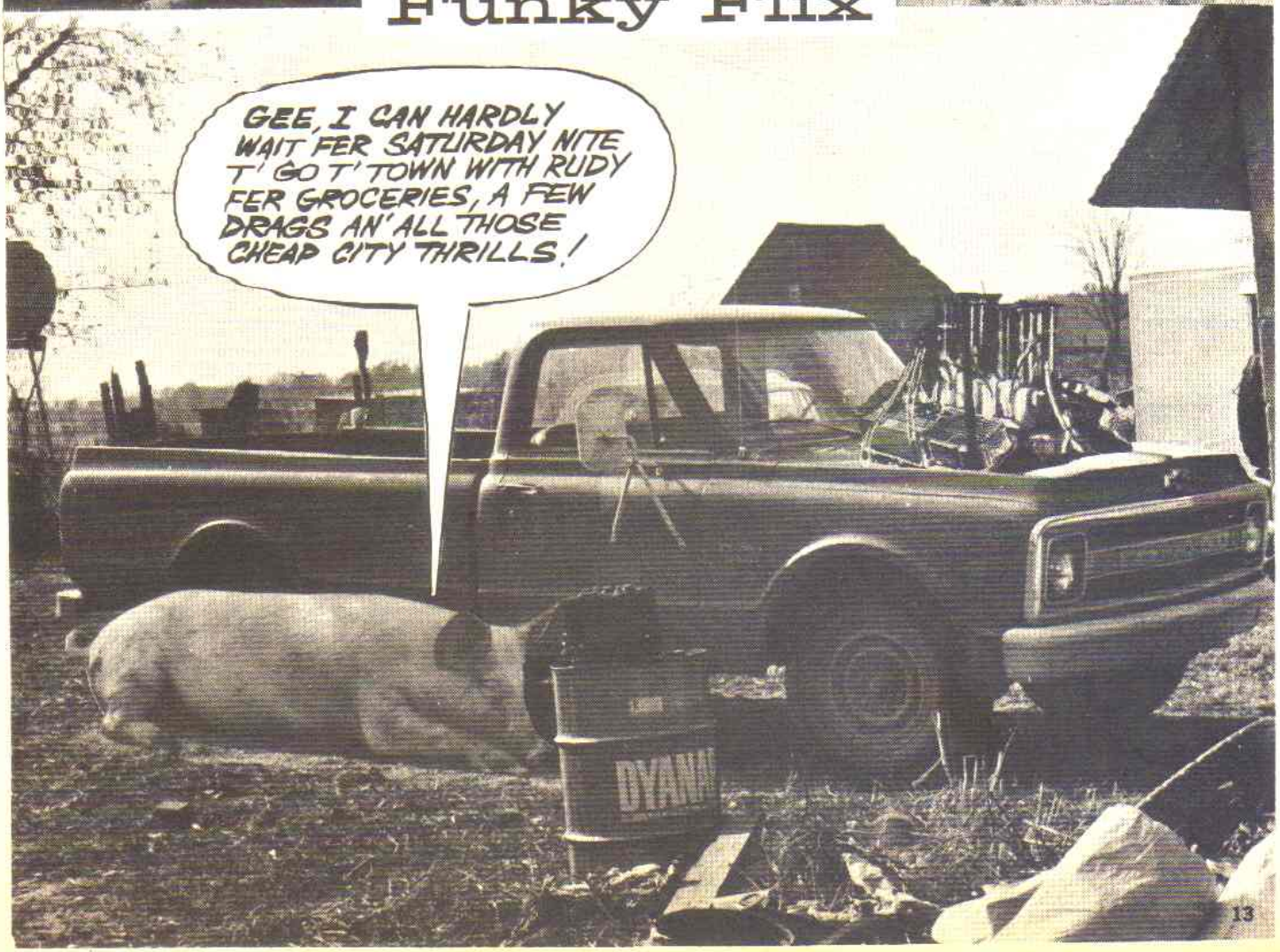

THIS - HAK! COFF! TRIP'S TOO TRASHY!
LEAVE IT TO KLEVER KEVIN TO LATCH ONTO UNK'S MASK!
OIL
OIL
HMM - KINDA QUIET UP THERE ... WONDER IF THEY GOT SIDE-TRACKED ON THAT JOB...
HOT ROD MAGAZINE
HEY! WOTCHA FUNKY FLAKES DOIN' OUT THERE?
C'MON OUT, UNK! GOT SOMETHIN' TO SHOW YOU!!
LOOK, UNK! PICTURES AN' EVERYTHANG!
WELL, I'LL BE LEFT AT TH' LIGHTS!
WHO'S NEWS IN RACING
HEAVVVY...
HERE'S TH' SECTION YOU'RE IN, UNK. 'MEMBER THESE PIX?
WHO'S NEW IN RACIN


LOOK! A SKINNY UNK!
"WOW - MUST BE TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY!
THE WINNER
'MEMBER WHEN YOU FOUND US ON YER DOORSTEP, UNKIE??
YEAH, AND I'VE HAD NIGHTMARES EVERSINCE!
HAVE A NICE DAY!
HOW LONG AGO WAS THAT?
THIS LIBRARY CARD IS DATED 1960!
WHO'S NEWS N RACING
GULP!!
LATER...
LESSEE ...BOOK RENTAL IS 6¢ A DAY, RETRO-ACTIVE TO 1960...
UGH!...
HEY, UNKIE ... WE FOUND A COUPLA MORE OF YER LIBRARY BOOKS...
MOBILIBRARY
ANY PENALTY FER UNKIE BEIN' DELINQUENT LIKE?
CARS
CARS
CARS
END.

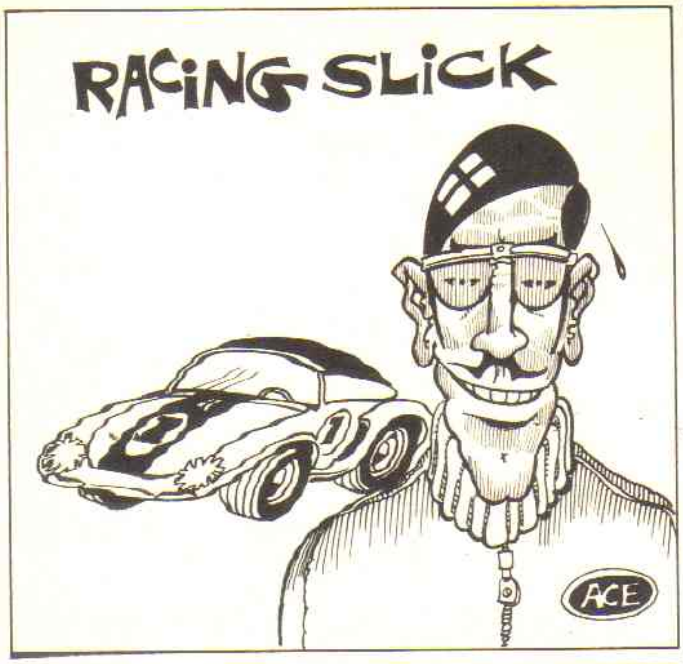
Hamming it up for his cartoonie fans is Rudy Hogg's porker pal, "Ruppert," hogging the scene once again with his farmzy funnin' . . .



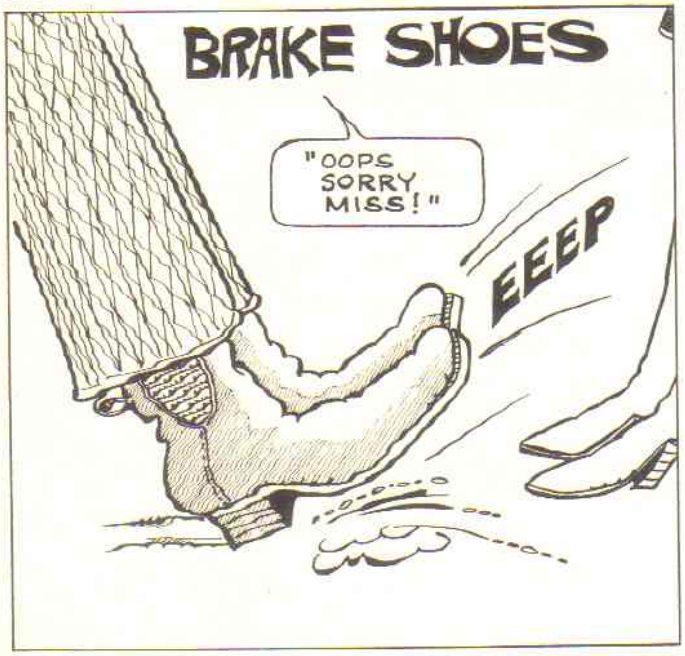
Funky Flix

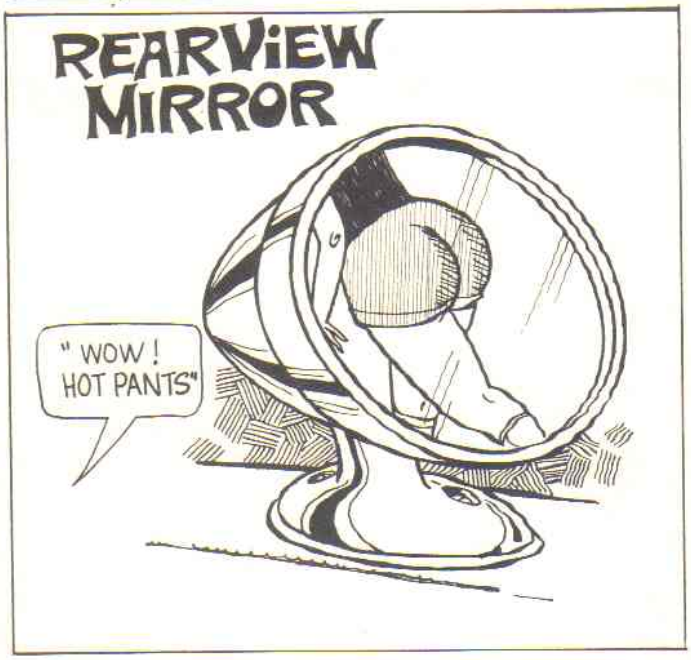


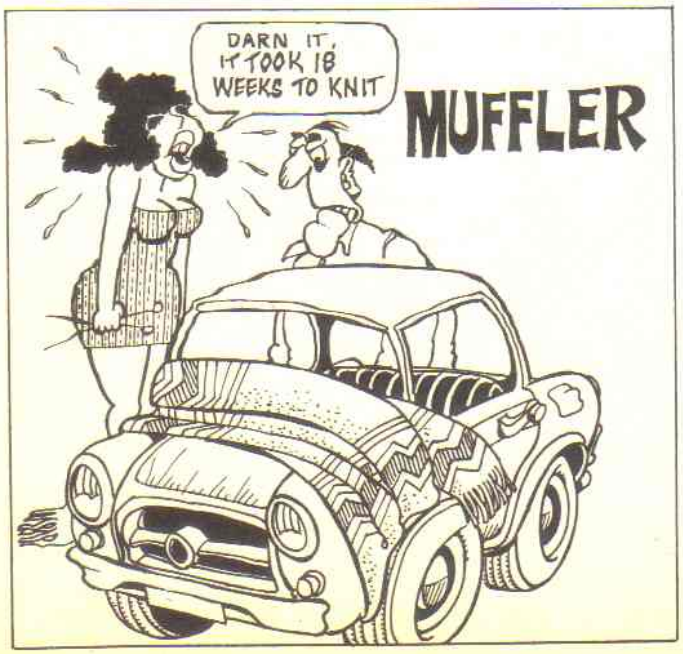

STP
★SUPER TERRIFIC PUNS
by Hal Robinson
A LUGG NUT
"I NEED MORE IRON!"
BUMPER GUARD
"YOU KIDS KEEP AWAY FROM THOSE CARS!"
CRANKCASE
CUSTOMS
"KEEP AN EYE ON THAT DUDE"
WHIRRRRR
WINDSHIELD VIPER
FAN BELT
ZONK
GIANTS
DODGERS

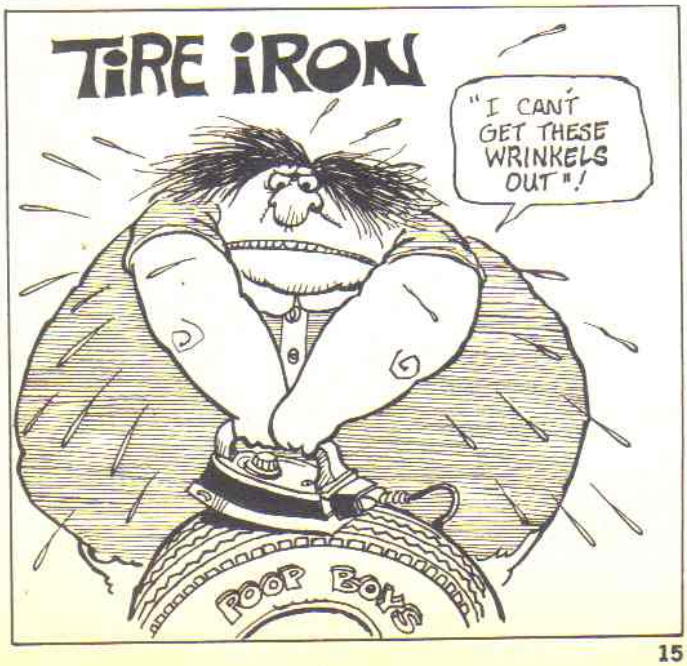

RACING SLICK
ACE


SUPERCHARGER


BRAKE SHOES
"OOPS SORRY MISS!"
EEEP

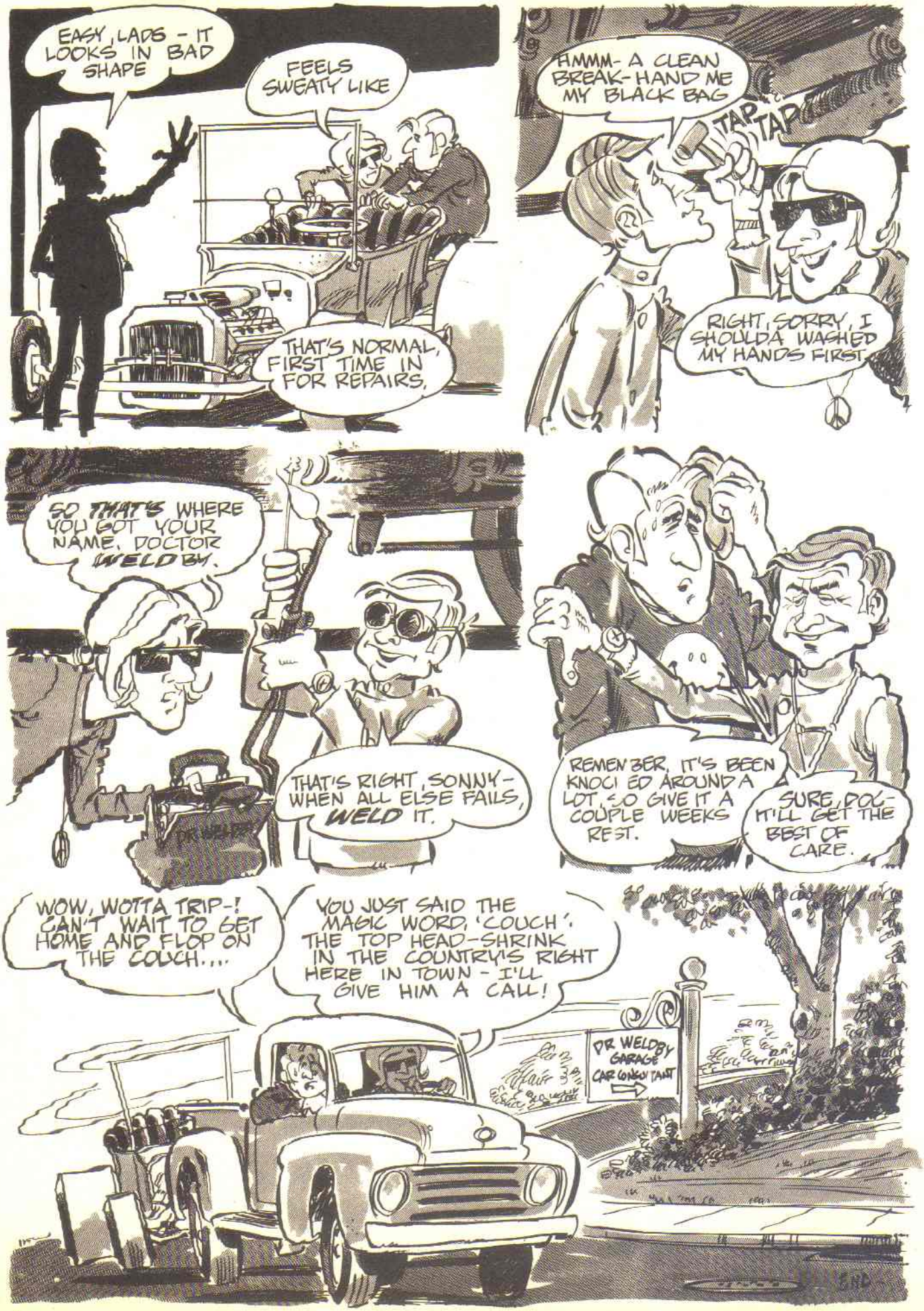

REARVIEW MIRROR
" WOW ! HOT PANTS"


DARN IT, IT TOOK 18 WEEKS TO KNIT
MUFFLER


TIRE IRON
"I CANT GET THESE WRINKELS OUT"!
POOP BOYS

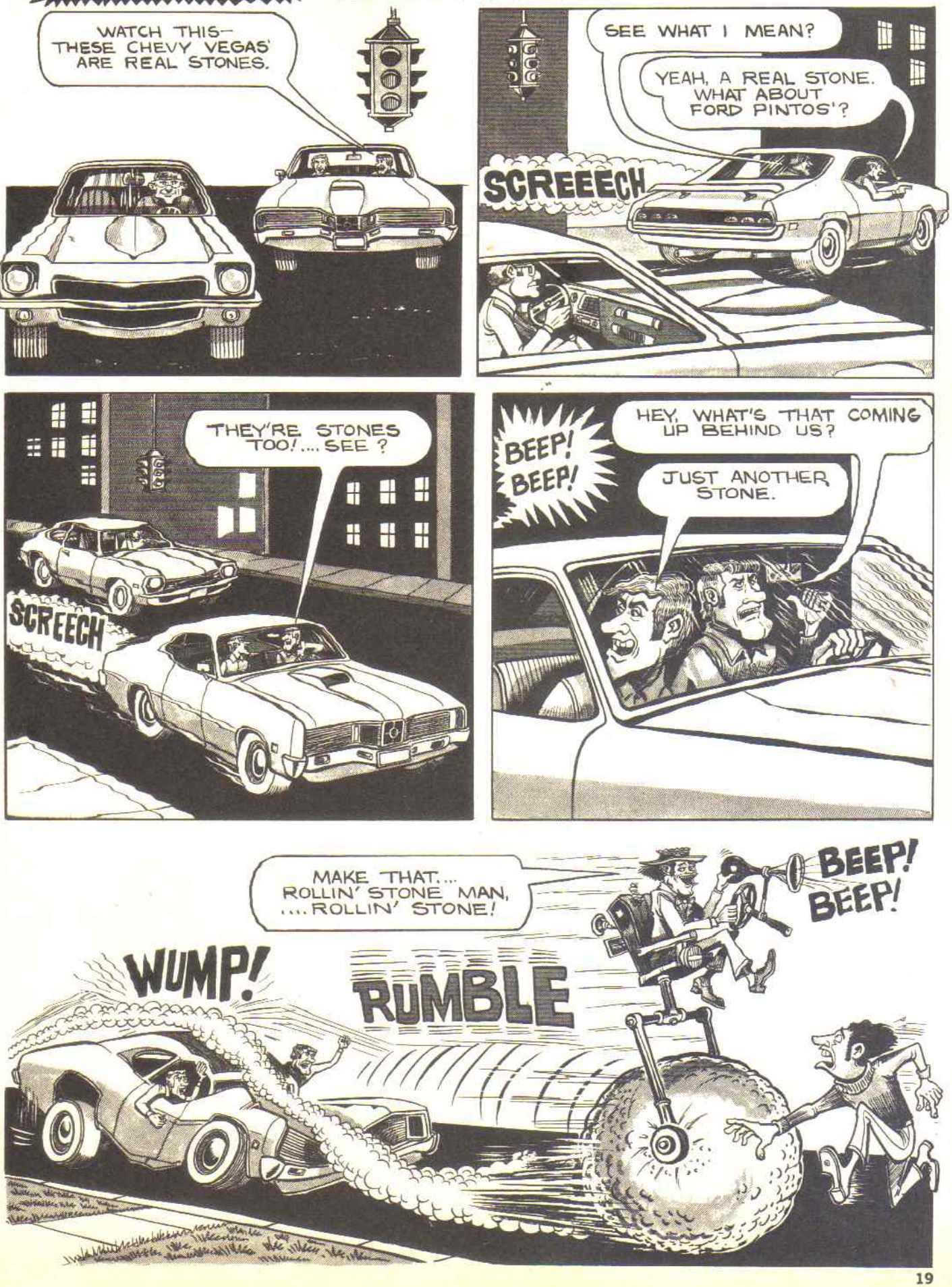

the MAGIC WORD
FRED FEATMAN
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE FAV'RIT ROD'S GOT A PROBLEM.
YUP - DRIVESHAFT NEEDS A LITTLE WELD JOB.
YOU JUST SAID THE 'MAGIC WORD' - WELD!
WELD? MAGIC WORD? I DON'T GET IT.
"DOC" WELDBY - THE TOP REPAIR MECHANIC IN THE COUNTRY - AND RIGHT HERE IN OUR TOWN! I'LL GIVE HIM A CALL
USE OUR PHONE IN THE HOUSE
BETTER CALL FOR AN APPOINTMENT. I DON'T THINK HE MAKES HOUSE CALLS - ER, GARAGE CALLS,
I'LL GET MY PICKUP READY TO TOW IT.
WE LUCKED OUT - HIS SECRETARY CAN SQUEEZE US IN IF WE GET RIGHT OVER THERE.
SECRETARY? MAN, THAT'S SOME OPERATION.

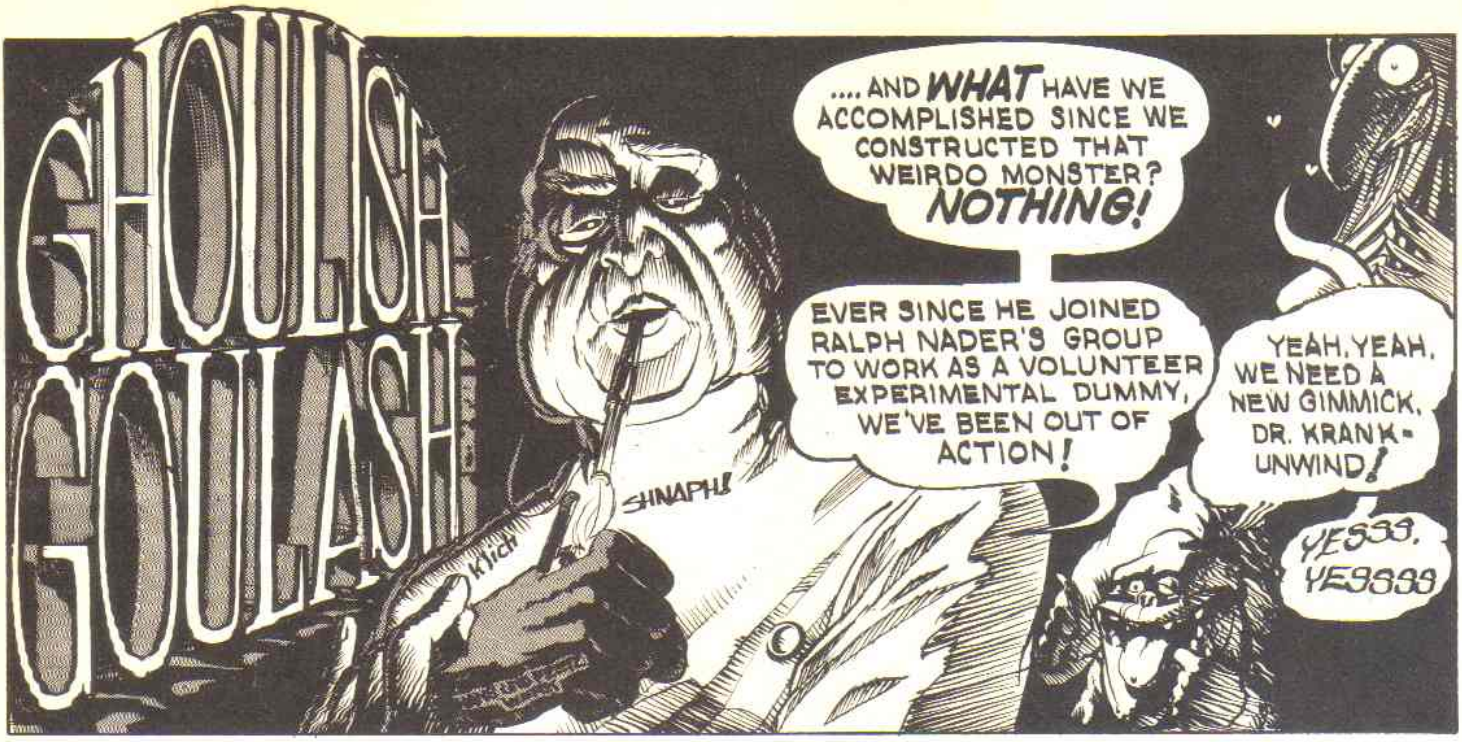

LATER
WE'RE HERE - LET ME DO THE TALKING
DR WELDBY'S GARAGE CAR CONSULTANT
BE MY GUEST
WE'RE THE PARTY THAT CALLED. CAN WE SEE THE DOCTOR?
YES, BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOUR FRIEND A FEW QUESTIONS.
DO YOU HAVE EMERGENCY CAR INSURANCE? IF NOT YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT UP A TWENTY-DOLLAR DEPOSIT.
TWENTY BUCKS...?
THESE 'LIVE-ONES', ER - BOYS, ARE HERE TO SEE YOU DOCTOR.
AND WHERE IS THE PATIENT, MAY I ASK?!
OUT FRONT, SIR. RESTING AGAINST THE CURB.


EASY, LADS - IT LOOKS IN BAD SHAPE
FEELS SWEATY LIKE
THAT'S NORMAL, FIRST TIME IN FOR REPAIRS.
HMMM - A CLEAN BREAK - HAND ME MY BLACK BAG
TAP TAP
RIGHT, SORRY, I SHOULDA WASHED MY HANDS FIRST.
SO THAT'S WHERE YOU GOT YOUR NAME, DOCTOR WELDBY.
THAT'S RIGHT, SONNY - WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS, WELD IT.
REMEMBER, IT'S BEEN KNOCKED AROUND A LOT, SO GIVE IT A COUPLE WEEKS REST.
SURE, DOC - IT'LL GET THE BEST OF CARE.
WOW, WOTTA TRIP-! CAN'T WAIT TO GET HOME AND FLOP ON THE COUCH....
YOU JUST SAID THE MAGIC WORD, 'COUCH'. THE TOP HEAD-SHRINK IN THE COUNTRY'S RIGHT HERE IN TOWN - I'LL GIVE HIM A CALL!
DR WELDBY GARAGE
CAR CONKED OUT
END

HOT ROCK

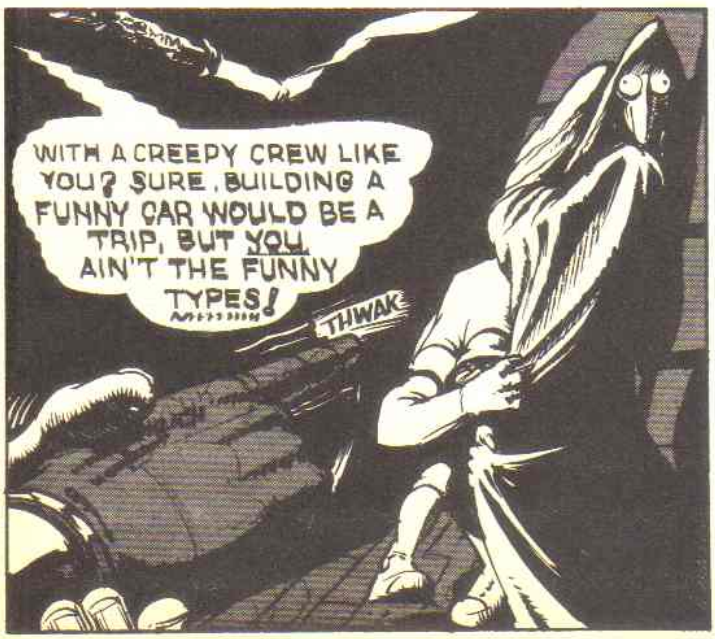
JIM MUELLER



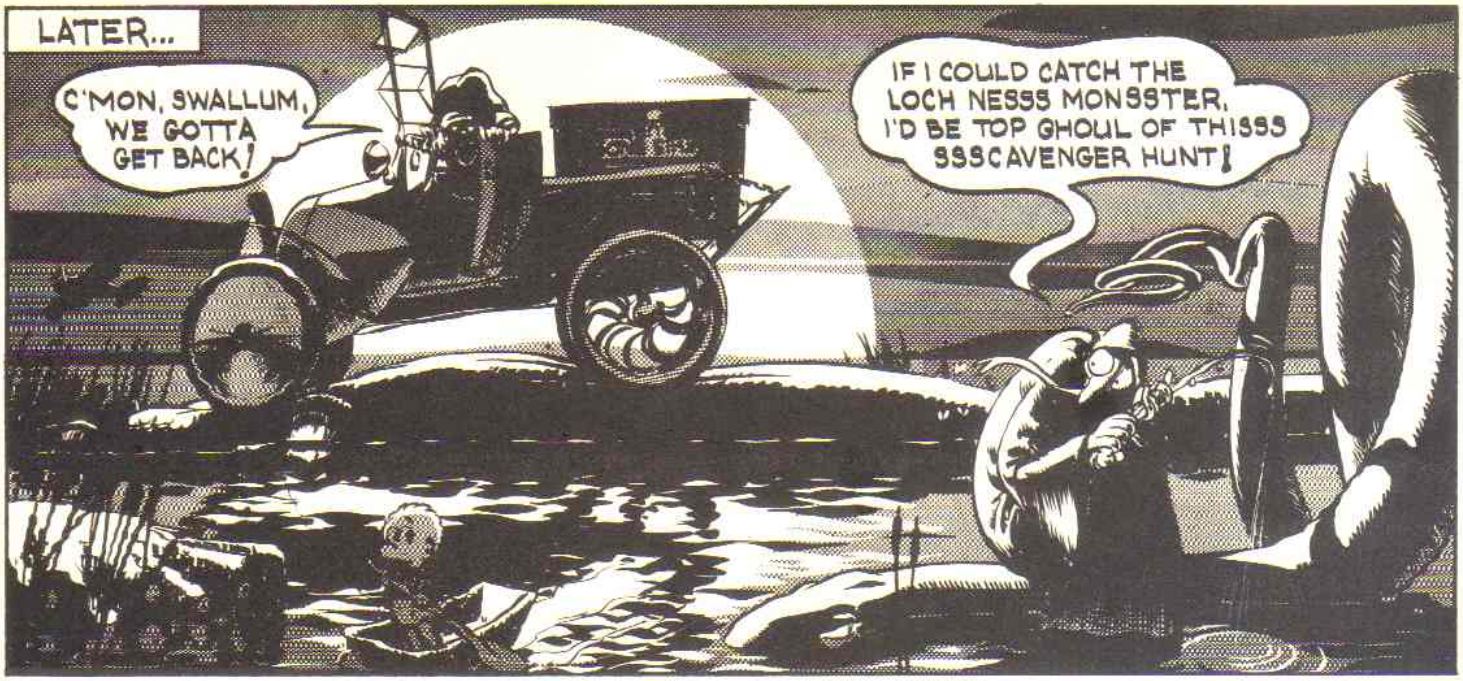

GHOULISH GOULASH
.... AND WHAT HAVE WE ACCOMPLISHED SINCE WE CONSTRUCTED THAT WEIRDO MONSTER? NOTHING!
EVER SINCE HE JOINED RALPH NADER'S GROUP TO WORK AS A VOLUNTEER EXPERIMENTAL DUMMY, WE'VE BEEN OUT OF ACTION!
YEAH, YEAH, WE NEED A NEW GIMMICK, DR. KRANK-UNWIND!
YESSS, YESSSS
KRICH
SHNAPH!

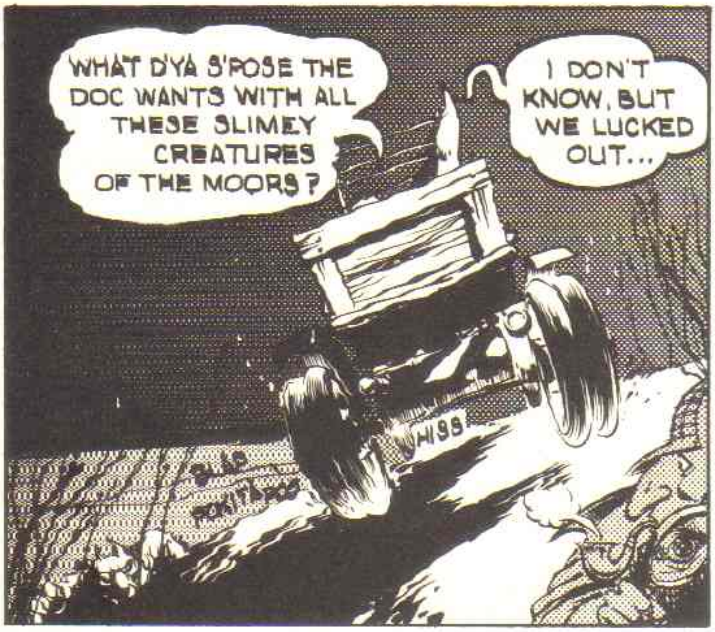

THIS CARZY CRAZE IS BIG, DOC, HOW 'BOUT US BUILDIN' SUMPTHIN' WEIRD-LIKE?
YESSS.... SSPOOKY SSTUFF LIKE A WOODIE CASSKET WITH MOANINGG GROANINGG GEARSS AND...
KOOL IT, KREEPS!


YOU GOT ONE PART RIGHT: CARS IS THE ANSWER, BUT NOT FOR US BUILDING THEM!
WHY NOT?

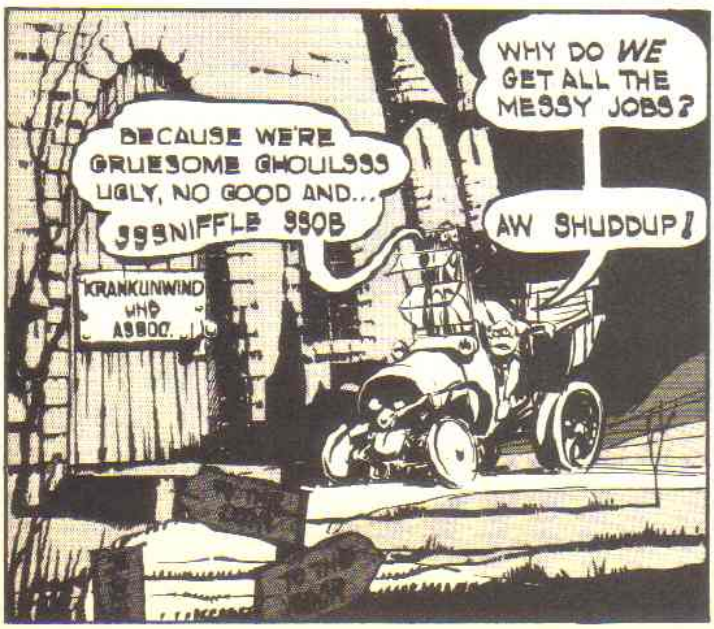

WITH A CREEPY CREW LIKE YOU? SURE, BUILDING A FUNNY CAR WOULD BE A TRIP, BUT YOU AIN'T THE FUNNY TYPES!
THWAK


WE, MY GHOULISH GROUP, ARE ABOUT TO UNDERTAKE A.... GASSY PLAN..... !!!
Errol McCarthy


LATER...
C'MON, SWALLUM, WE GOTTA GET BACK!
IF I COULD CATCH THE LOCH NESSS MONSSTER, I'D BE TOP GHOUL OF THISSS SSSCAVENGER HUNT!


WHAT D'YA S'POSE THE DOC WANTS WITH ALL THESE SLIMEY CREATURES OF THE MOORS?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE LUCKED OUT...


I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T WANT USSS TO BRING BACK THE HOUND OF THE BASSSKERVILLE... HE'S MEAN AND TEETHY-LIKE...
YEAH, HEAVY HOUND, MAN
MOOR


WHY DO WE GET ALL THE MESSY JOBS?
BECAUSE WE'RE GRUESOME GHOULSSS UGLY, NO GOOD AND... SSSNIFFLE SSOB
AW SHUDDUP!
KRANKUNWIND AND ASSOC.

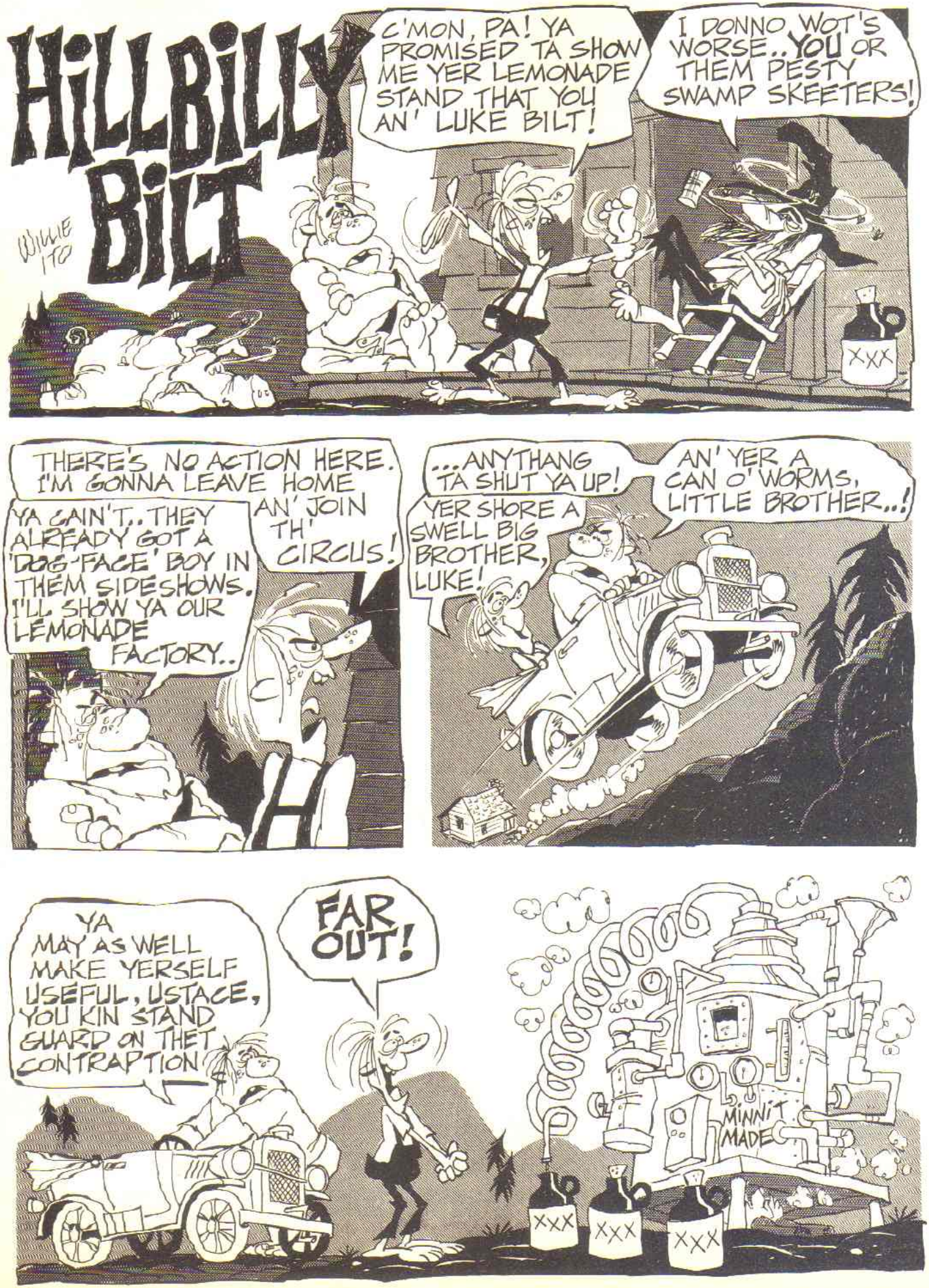

WE GOT THE GOODIES, DOC!
SUPER! READY THE BOILING POT FOR THE EXPERIMENT OF ALL TIME!


THE AUTOMOTIVE WORLD WILL BLOW THEIR MINDS WHEN THEY ARE INTRODUCED TO OUR NEW.... EXOTIC FUEL!
COME ON!!
STP, EAT YER HEART OUT!
WITH A RECIPE OF THESE FOUL, FRIGHTENINGG CREATURESS ?


YES, STUPID! THE COMBINED FLUIDS, POISONS, SCALES AND TAILS FROM THESE SLIMEY CREATURES SHALL CREATE THE HIGH PERFORMANCE FUEL OF ALL TIME!
NOW STAND BACK WHILE I ADD A PINCH OF CYCLAMATE!


KA-
BAM
WH-WHAT HAPPENED, DOC? THE INGREDIENTS TOO HOT?
NO, IT WAS THAT PINCH OF CYCLAMATE- THE WHOLE DEAL WAS TOO SWEET TO LAST!

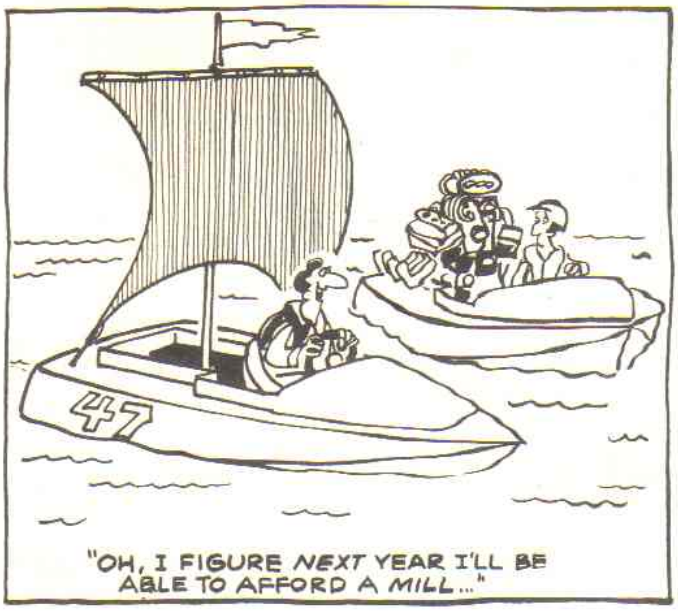

FALL GUY
NECK BOTHERIN' YA?
YEAH - BANGED IT UP.
FRACTURED MY ELBOW...
WOW!
THINK MY SHOULDER'S SPRAINED, TOO...
GEE - ALL THOSE WOUNDS FROM RACIN'?!
YEP...
...I WAS WATCHIN' THE MOVIE, 'LEMANS' ON TV.- WENT TO SLEEP AN' FELL OFF TH' COUCH!
JIM WILLOUGHBY


HILLBILLY BILT
WILLIE TO
C'MON, PA! YA PROMISED TA SHOW ME YER LEMONADE STAND THAT YOU AN' LUKE BILT!
I DONNO WOT'S WORSE.. YOU OR THEM PESTY SWAMP SKEETERS!
XXX
THERE'S NO ACTION HERE. I'M GONNA LEAVE HOME AN' JOIN TH' CIRCUS!
YA CAIN'T.. THEY ALREADY GOT A 'DOG-FACE' BOY IN THEM SIDESHOWS. I'LL SHOW YA OUR LEMONADE FACTORY..
...ANYTHANG TA SHUT YA UP!
AN' YER A CAN O' WORMS, LITTLE BROTHER..!
YER SHORE A SWELL BIG BROTHER, LUKE!
YA MAY AS WELL MAKE YERSELF USEFUL, USTACE, YOU KIN STAND GUARD ON THET CONTRAPTION
FAR OUT!
MINNIT MADE
XXX
XXX
XXX

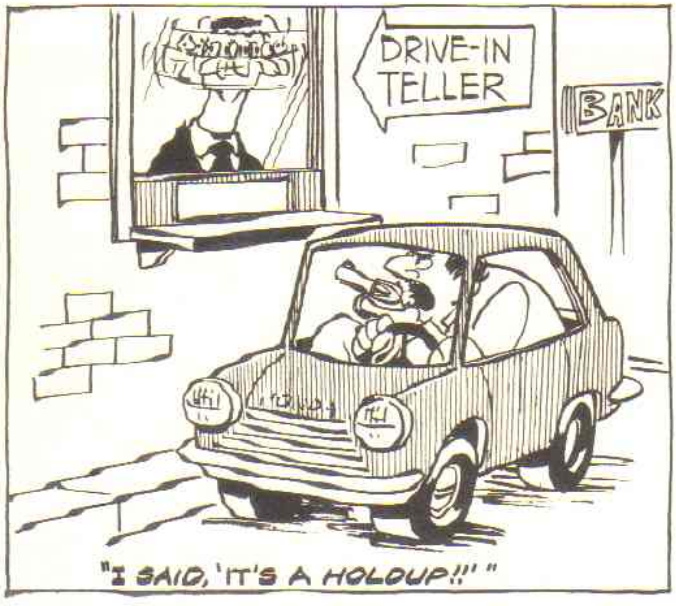

IFF'N YOU SEE ANY REVENOORS COMIN' YOU KIN HOP IN YER KART HERE AN' COME TA WARN PA AN' ME!
BIG DEAL! MY OL' KART'S SHY AN' ENGINE!
NO BIG THING.. YA JUST COME COASTIN' DOWN THET HILL, YA NINNY!
SHUCKS AN' STUFF
PA AN' LUKE GOT TA ME AGIN.. I'LL GIT EVEN WITH THEM THIS TIME...
KICK!
POPPITY POP!
LATER
D'YA BELIEVE IN MIRAGE'S, LUKE?
WHAT'S A MIRAGE, PA?
N-NEVER MIND.. THAT WASN'T ONE..!
CRASH!
CRASH!
ROOOAARRRR!

LAFF CITY

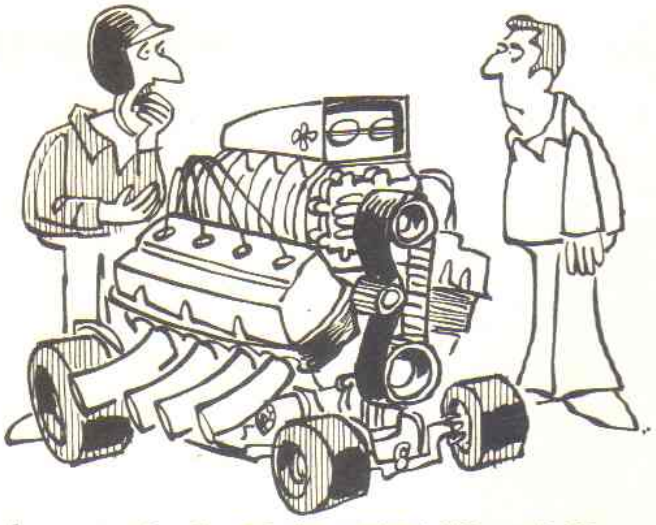
"Deweying his own thing"



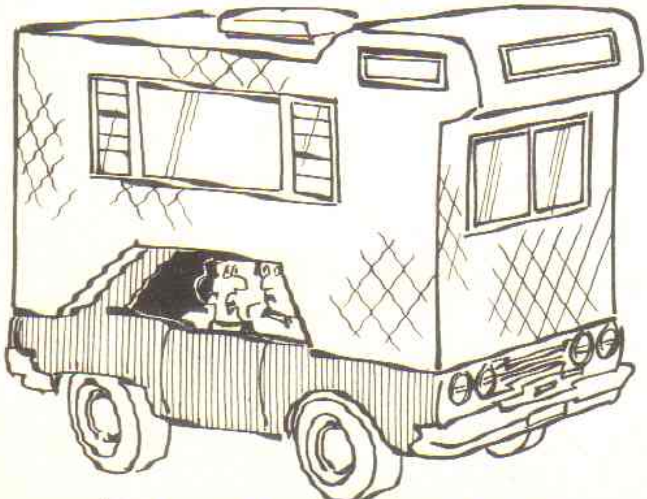
"OH, I FIGURE *NEXT* YEAR I'LL BE ABLE TO AFFORD A *MILL*..."



"I *SAID*, 'IT'S A *HOLOUP*!!' "



'WHERE I'LL SIT DON'T WORRY ME--WHAT I CARE ABOUT IS HOW T' TURN TH' THING *OFF*!'



"I THINK... SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY... A GOOD IDEA WENT *BAD*...."



"OKAY--*NOW* ARE YOU SCARED IT MIGHT TIP OVER?"



"WOT KIND O' *MILL* D'YOU *HAVE* THERE...?"



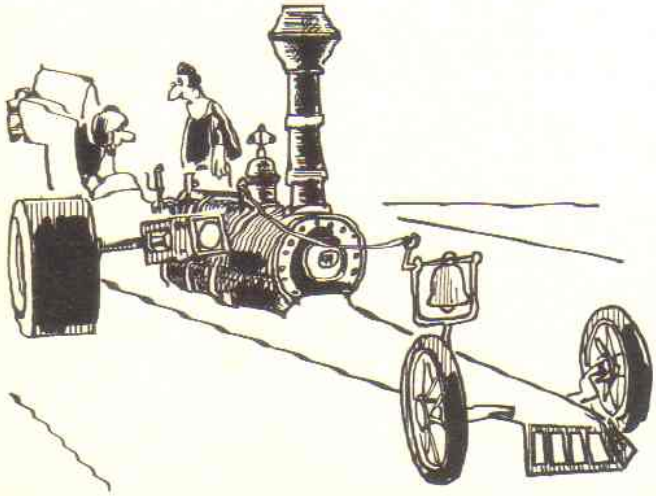
"GEORGE HERE THINKS YOU DON'T TRUST THE WAY HE PACKS YOUR DRAG CHUTE..."



"I DUNNO... IT JUST DON'T SEEM *RIGHT*-- PUTTIN' A *DATSUN* MOTOR... IN A *VW*..."



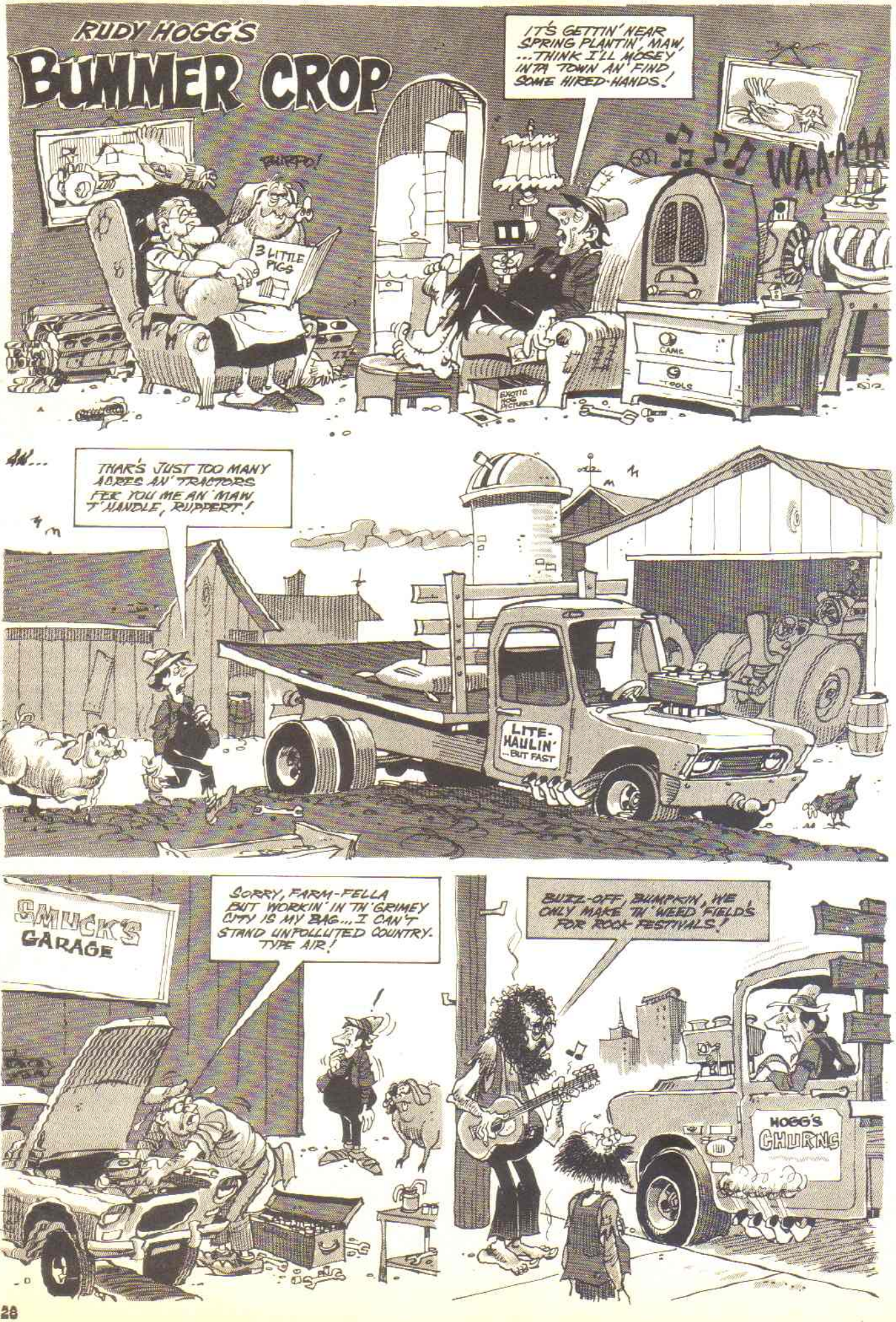
"SURE IT'S A PHONEY RIG-- BUT IT KEEPS ME FROM HAVIN' TO STREET RACE!"



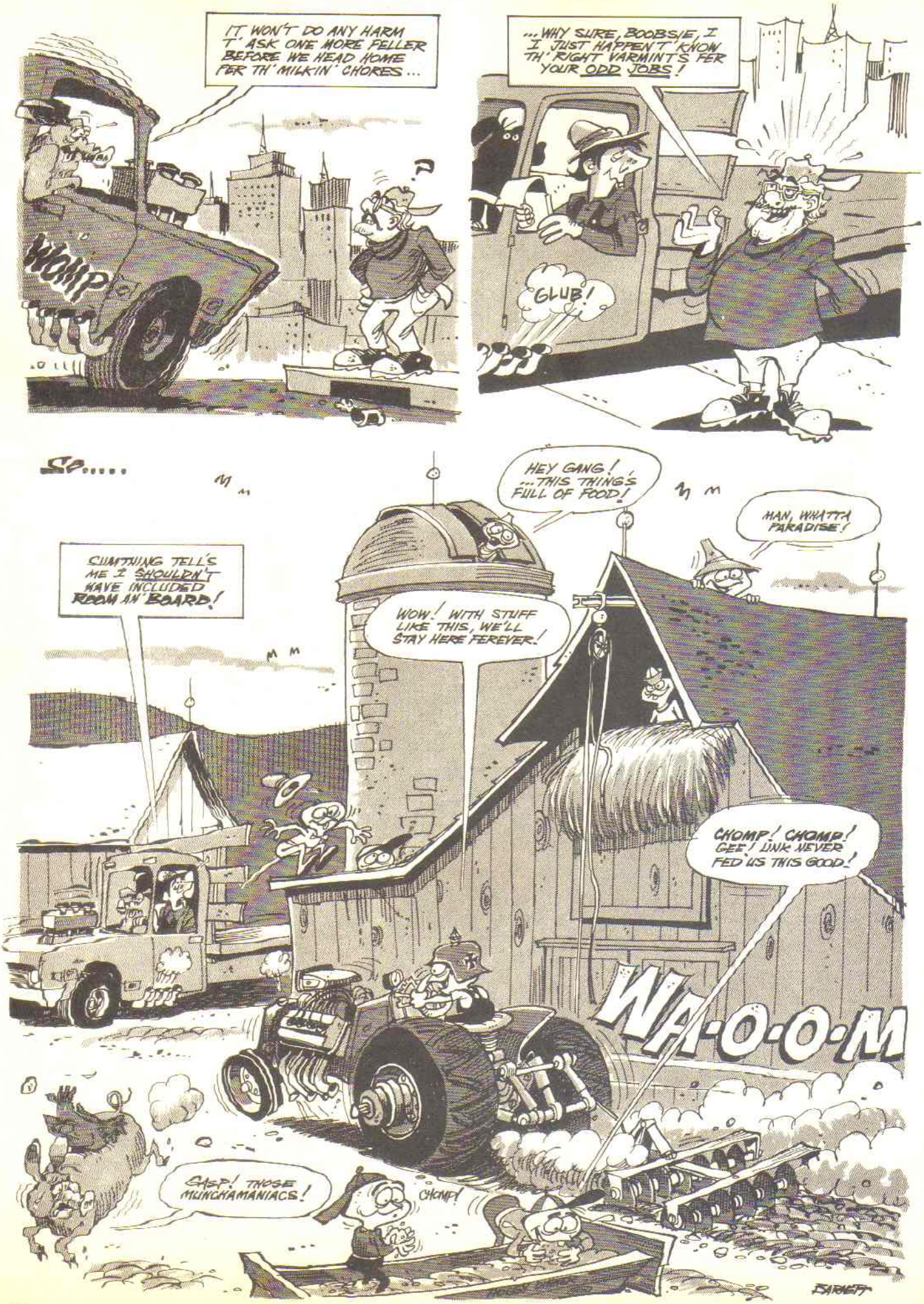
"YES, THE STANLEY STEAMER *WAS* FAST...AND YES, LOCOMOTIVES *ARE* POWERFUL...BUT...BUT...



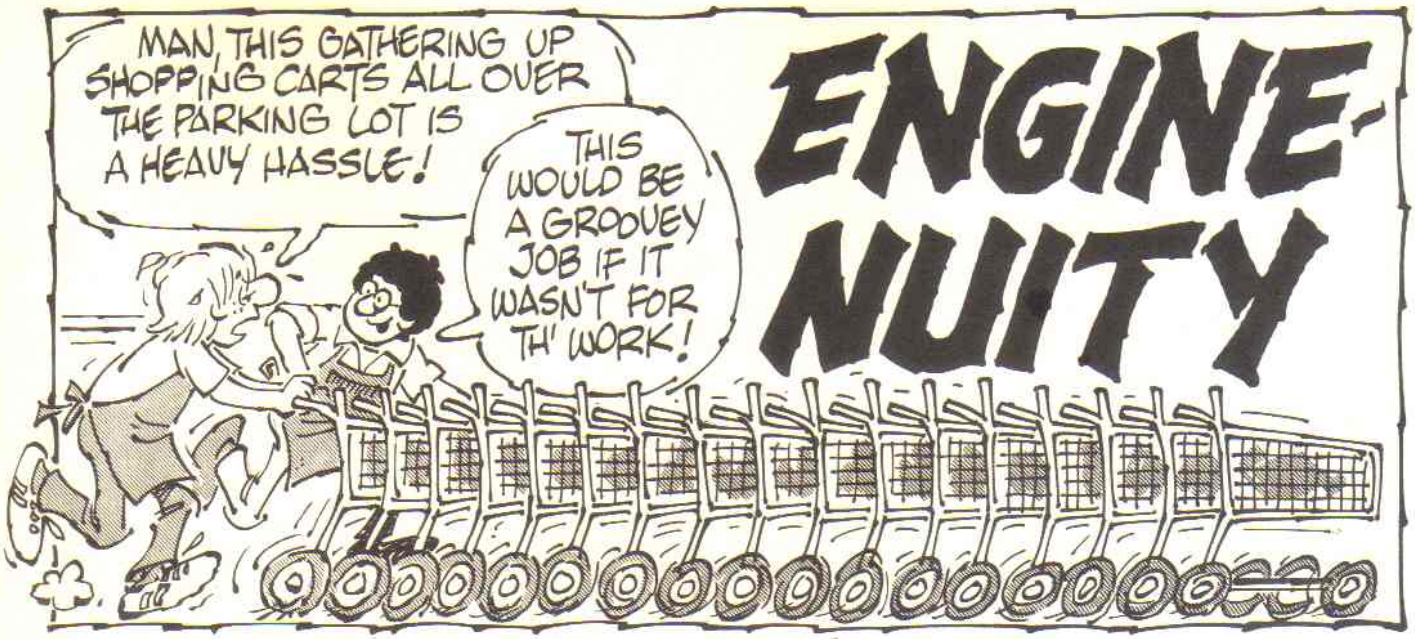
"BAD NEWS, QTZPL-- THE *FACTORY* JUST *RECALLED* OUR SAUCER..."

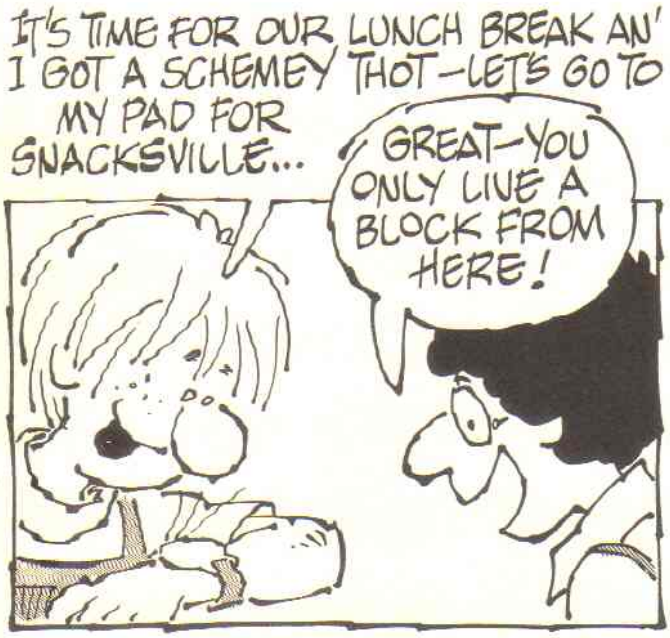

RUDY HOGG'S
BUMMER CROP
IT'S GETTIN' NEAR SPRING PLANTIN' MAW, ...THINK I'LL MOSEY INTA TOWN AN' FIND SOME HIRED HANDS!
WAAAAA
PURPO!
3 LITTLE PIGS
CAMS
TOOLS
EXOTIC HOG PICTURES
AW...
THAR'S JUST TOO MANY ACRES AN' TRACTORS FER YOU ME AN' MAW T' HANDLE, RUPPERT!
LITE-HAULIN' ...BUT FAST
SMUCK'S GARAGE
SORRY, FARM-FELLA BUT WORKIN' IN TH' GRIMEY CITY IS MY BAG... I CAN'T STAND UNPOLLUTED COUNTRY-TYPE AIR!
BUZZ-OFF, BUMPKIN, WE ONLY MAKE TH' WEED FIELDS FOR ROCK FESTIVALS!
HOGG'S CHURNS


CUSTER'S LAST STAND
DRIVE-IN and General Kid HANG-OUT
(ALSO MAYTAG REPAIR)
GOSH! ...I HAD THEIR ATTENTION UNTIL I MENTIONED HARD WORK!
GAG!
BURGER BITS
SLUSH
SCREECH!
BLAT!
RATTLE
DING-DANG IT, RUP, I WAS SURE WE'D FIND SUM SLICKER'S HERE IN TH'CITY IN NEED OF GRAVY AN' BISCUITS!
HOGG'S HOME-MADE BOMBS
SORRY, DAD, WHAT WE NEED IS CHICKS... NOT WEIRDO MUSCLES ALL OVER OUR BODIES!
?
CHUG A LUG
WOMP
HICK OR NOT, HE AIN'T TOO BAD AT A STOP LITE! ...ER... NO WORD ABOUT ME BEIN' CLIPPED BY A TWO-TON TRUCK, PAL!
RATTLE. BANG!
GRUNT!
FLOP!
WAAAAAAA
WOMP
SCREEECH!

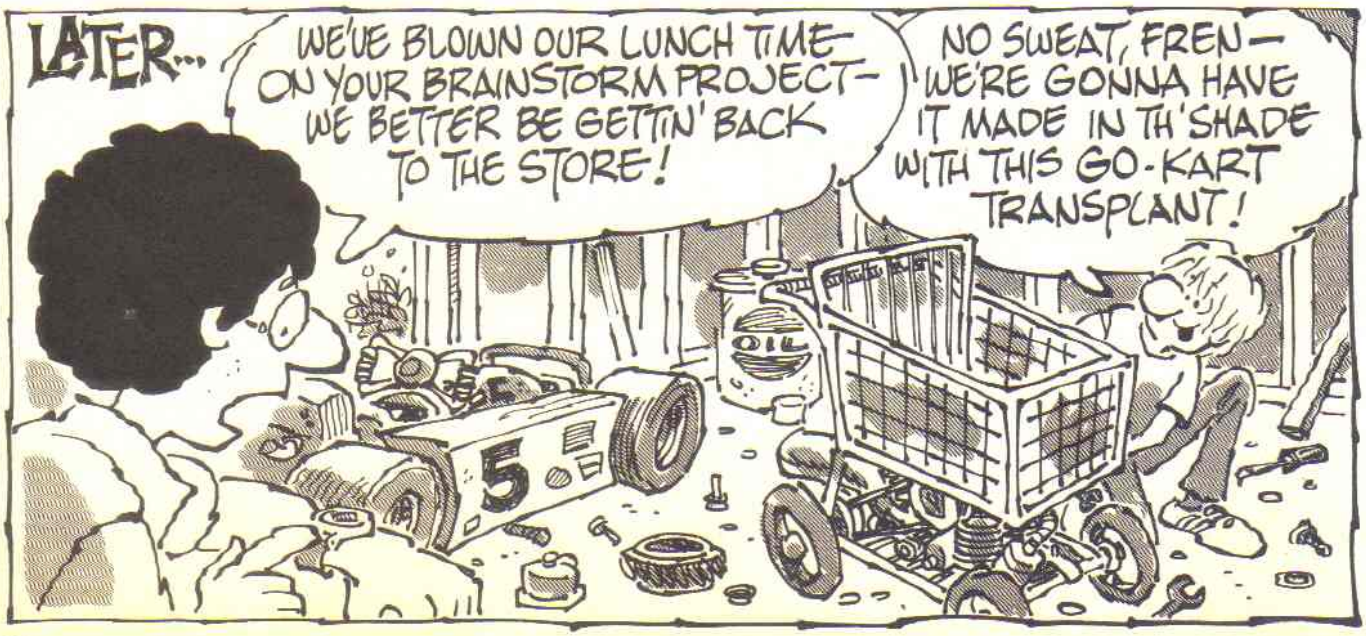

IT WON'T DO ANY HARM T' ASK ONE MORE FELLER BEFORE WE HEAD HOME FER TH' MILKIN' CHORES...
WOMP
...WHY SURE, BOOBSIE, I I JUST HAPPEN T' KNOW TH' RIGHT VARMINT'S FER YOUR ODD JOBS!
CLUB!
SO.....
HEY GANG! ...THIS THING'S FULL OF FOOD!
MAN, WHATTA PARADISE!
CHUMPING TELLS ME I SHOULDN'T HAVE INCLUDED ROOM AN' BOARD!
WOW! WITH STUFF LIKE THIS, WE'LL STAY HERE FEREVER!
CHOMP! CHOMP! GEE! LINK NEVER FED US THIS GOOD!
WA-O-O-M
GASP! THOSE MUNCHAMANIACS!
CHOMP!
BARNEY

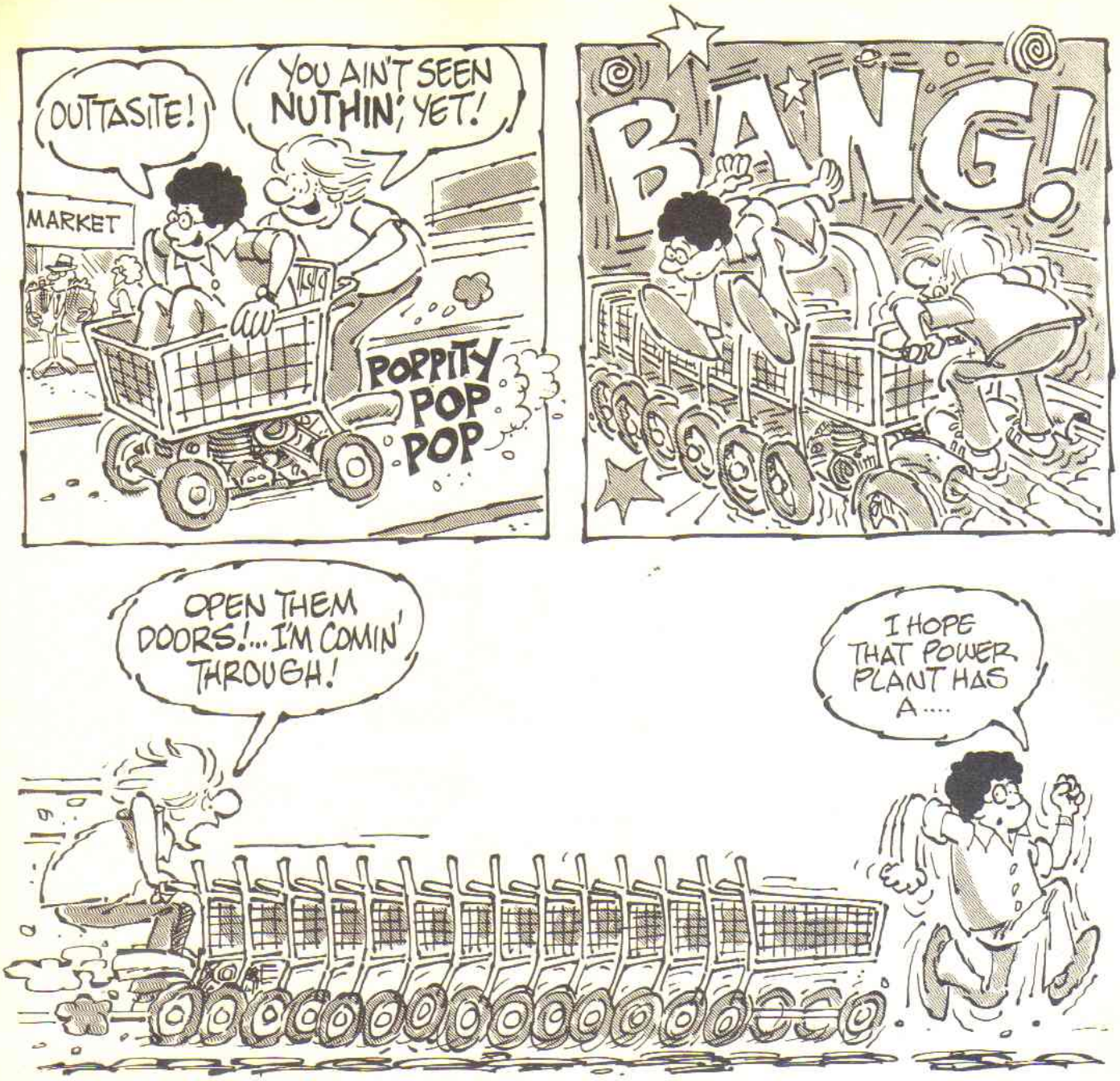

PIT FLOP
WEIRD OL' DUMB MARVIN GOT HISSELF A GIG WORKIN' IN TH' PITS!
NO, FOOLIN'
LIKE WORKIN' IN TH' PITS, MARV??
YUP... I'M UH OFFICIAL TIRE CHANGER...
..UH..ER..YA' GUYS HAVE WORKED TH' PITS BEFORE...YA' GOT ANY POINTERS ON HOW T'MAKE A TIRE CHANGE ?
YA' GOTTA BE FAST, MARV!!! ...AFTER TH' CAR STOPS YA' RUSH...
"AFTER" TH' CAR STOPS??
SO THAT'S WHERE I WENT WRONG!!


MAN, THIS GATHERING UP SHOPPING CARTS ALL OVER THE PARKING LOT IS A HEAVY HASSLE!
THIS WOULD BE A GROOVEY JOB IF IT WASN'T FOR TH' WORK!
ENGINE-NUITY


IT'S TIME FOR OUR LUNCH BREAK AN' I GOT A SCHEMEY THOT—LET'S GO TO MY PAD FOR SNACKSVILLE...
GREAT—YOU ONLY LIVE A BLOCK FROM HERE!

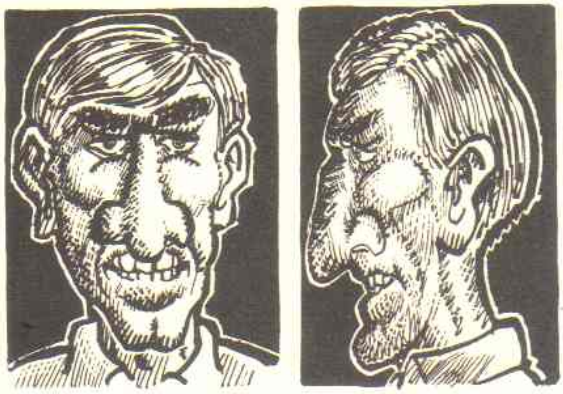

WHY YA COPPIN' THE CART?
WE'RE JUST BORROWING IT, MAN...


LATER...
WE'VE BLOWN OUR LUNCH TIME ON YOUR BRAINSTORM PROJECT— WE BETTER BE GETTIN' BACK TO THE STORE!
NO SWEAT, FREN— WE'RE GONNA HAVE IT MADE IN TH' SHADE WITH THIS GO-KART TRANSPLANT!
OIL
5


OUTTASITE!
YOU AIN'T SEEN NUTHIN' YET!
MARKET
POPPITY POP POP
BANG!
OPEN THEM DOORS!... I'M COMIN' THROUGH!
I HOPE THAT POWER PLANT HAS A....
...BR---
--AKE!!


Sale
KRAAAAASH!
ALL THIS MESS AN' CONFUSION GOIN' ON AND YOU GRAB A NEWSPAPER!....
IT SEEMED LIKE TH' THING T' DO....
MGR
GOOD THINKING...
HELP WANTED
END

WANTED!



Known for his hatred of FORDS, Jimmy "Carzan" Groob, instantly demolishes any he sees! Since he isn't strong enough to smash a full-size car, he has to settle for scale models. Unfortunately, his eyesight is a bit weak, too--so he has to crush *every* model he sees--in the chance it *might* be a Ford!

He may be captured by holding binoculars wrong-way in front of his eyes--and he'll follow a Police car right to jail!

Due to his facial resemblance to a model car, J. "CARFACE" BRUNO, has taken to entering *himself* in custom model-car contests--and winning! However, he wins by *eating* all the competing cars... and bites any judge who won't vote for him! (It's not known if "Carface's" looks are because of the cars he eats or if his mother was once frightened by an enraged Edsel!

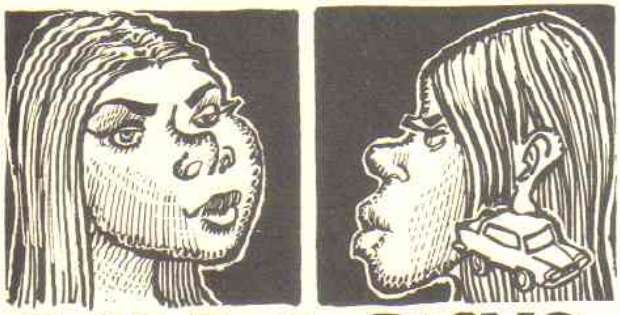
REWARD



(Put him in custody by dangling a Porsche 911 covered with strawberry jam on a string in front of him...)

model car ROGUE'S GALLERY!!!

A collection of some of the hobby's weirder misfits! If you should meet any of them, do not attempt to apprehend by yourself! -- Call a varmint to help!



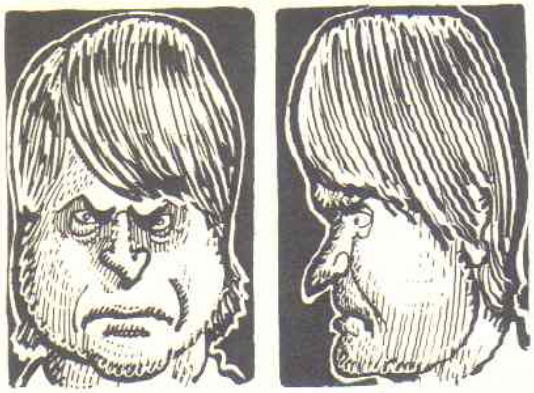
DEAD or ALIVE

LUCILLE "EARLOBE" CLUTCH

...is a frustrated pickpocket, who discovered that her earlobe had unusual muscular abilities. Lucy discovered she could actually pick up model cars (her favorite hobby) with it! She would then carry the car out of the store under her hair. If caught, she claims it's a weird ear-ring!

To apprehend -- blow in her ear and she'll follow you anywhere!

WANTED



A really filthy guy, Moe "Slob" Lester loves to handle model cars. Unfortunately (for the owners) Moe has never washed his hands in his entire life!

(These are'nt official fingerprints--only where Moe handled the wanted poster!)



NELSON DEWEY.


DIE-HARD DUELERS
THIS IS THE BIGGIE - TOP ELIMINATOR!
YOUR DIGGER AN' MINE'S BEEN DUELIN FOR TOP-DOG ON EVERY STRIP IN THE STATES —
SIGN
ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL?!
WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO LITTLE JULIAN HERE?
JULIAN JHO?
HOO HAH!
GOLLY WAH!
POWERED BY
"THE FUEL OF MUSCULATED SUPERSTARS"
JUNTY RACEWAY
WOW IT'S A TIE!!
WELL, THAT CALLS FOR ANOTHER GO 'ROUND!
YEP - TIES DON'T MAKE FOR A WINNER!
HELLO SPEEDO
MAN, THEY'RE REALLY COMPETITIVE!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
BFAAAAP
GADZOOKS!
HOO HAH!

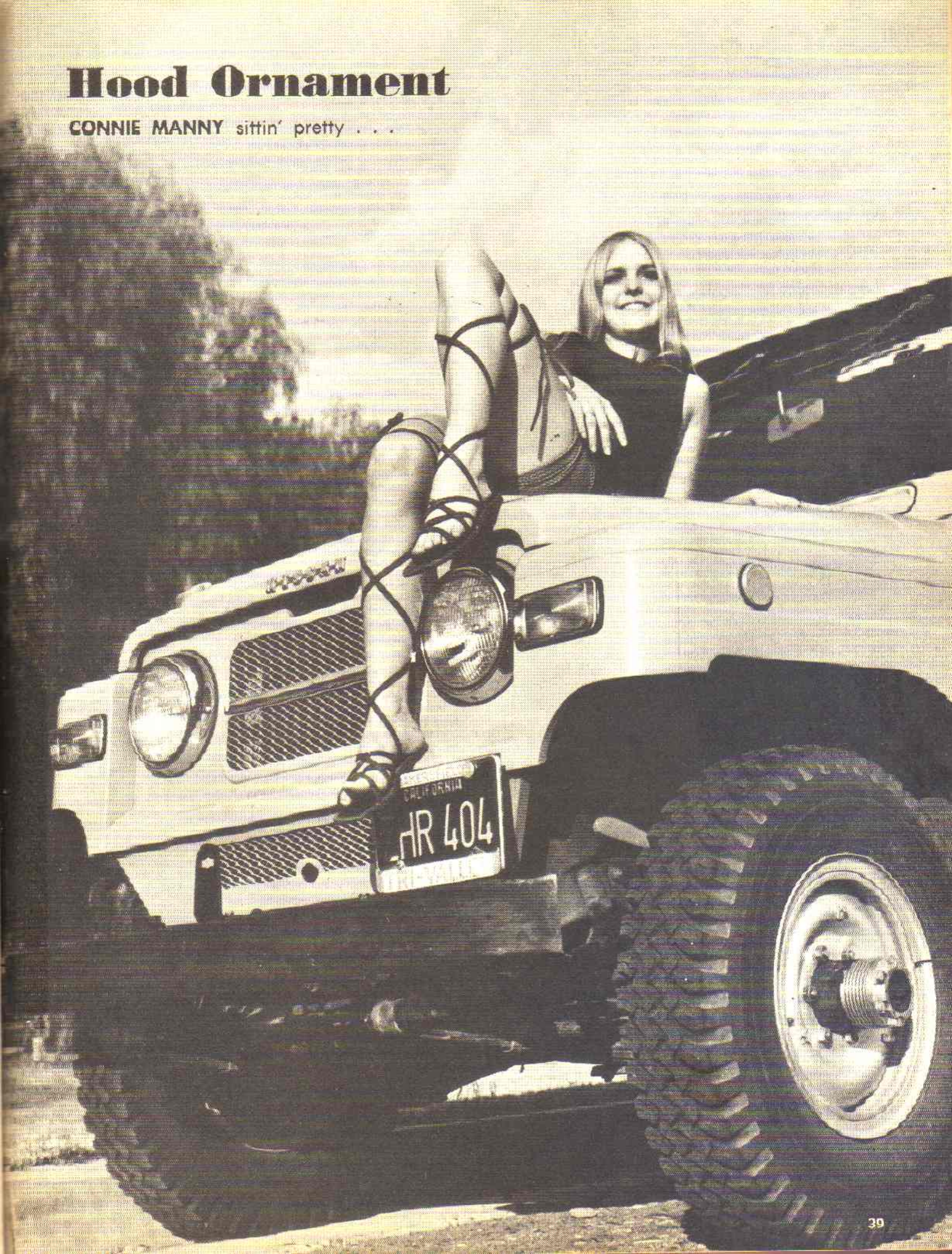

A DEAD HEAT
A TIE AGAAIN!?
SCREEE
SCREE
PLEEZ, CUT THE FUSE!
THE CROWD'S GETTING RESTLESS. WE'D BETTER GET A WINNER ON THE NEXT RUN
YEAH, IT'S GETTIN' LATE, AN THE SKY'S CLOUDIN' UP!
THIS IS IT!
BAAA
IT BETTER BE- C'MON SOMEONE!
ARE YOU! PALEMEN!
BOOM
YIKES!
BLANG!
MAN, WHAT LOUSY LUCK- FOR BOTH OF THEM!
UHG!
NNFF!
ONE OF THEM DIE-HARD'S IS GONNA TRIP HIS CHURN THRU THE TRAPS YET!
DRAWED BY JOHN BRUNO



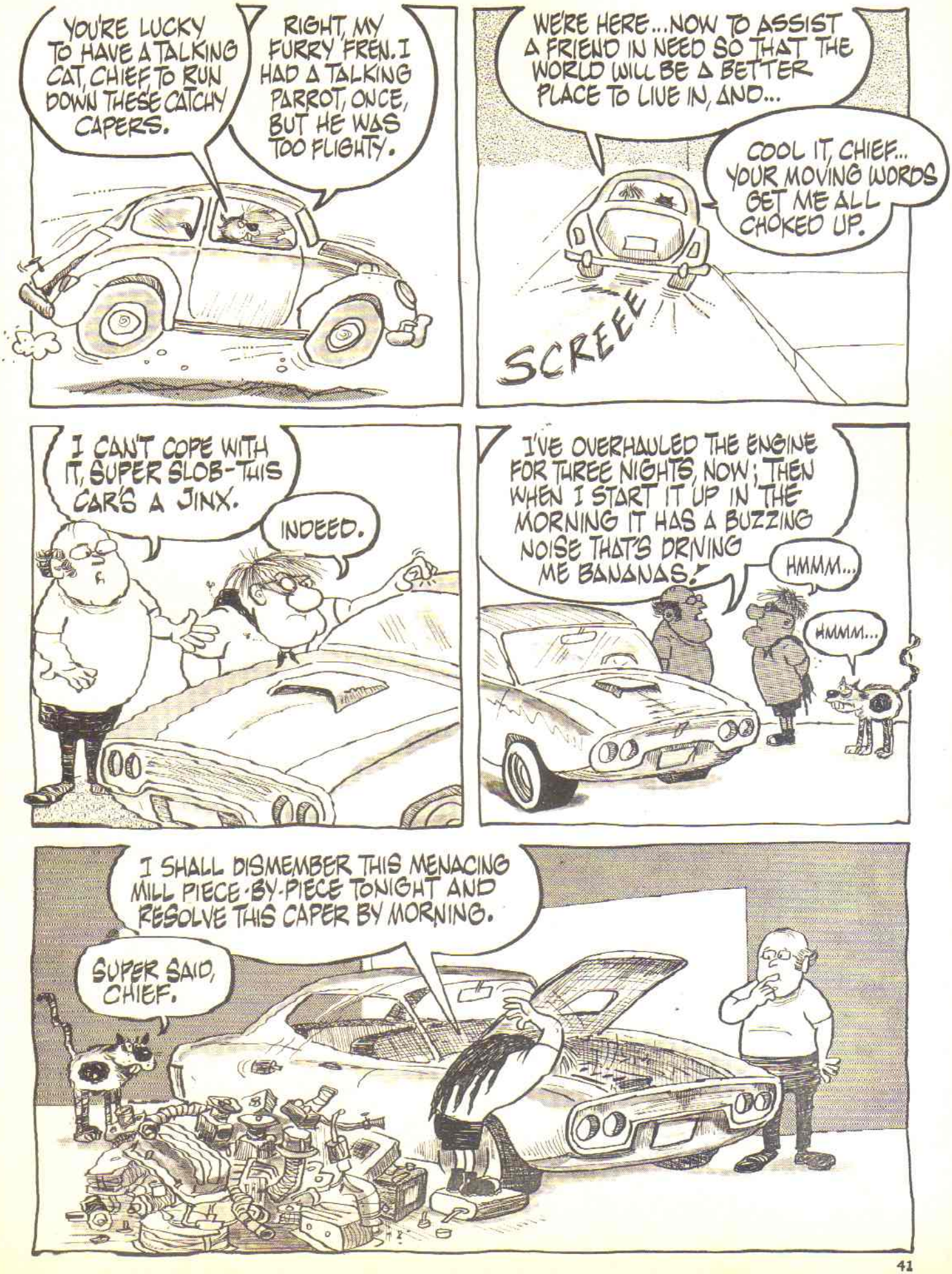
* OBVIOUSLY, THE LAD IS NAIVE!

Hood Ornament

CONNIE MANNY sittin' pretty . . .




WHO'S THERE?
SPOT...YOUR FAITHFUL GERMAN SHEPHERD CAT AND CONSTANT COMPANION ON CRAFTY CAPERS.
KNOK!
GOOD CAT, SPOT!
ANOTHER MECHANIC IS IN TROUBLE AND NEEDS THE HELP OF YOU, CHIEF, THE MARVEL MECHANIC KNOWN AS....
SUPER SLOB!
...WHO IS AFRAID OF NEITHER SLIME NOR GREASY JOBS.
THAT CAT COULD USE CERTS....


YOU'RE LUCKY TO HAVE A TALKING CAT, CHIEF TO RUN DOWN THESE CATCHY CAPERS.
RIGHT, MY FURRY FREN. I HAD A TALKING PARROT, ONCE, BUT HE WAS TOO FLIGHTY.
WE'RE HERE... NOW TO ASSIST A FRIEND IN NEED SO THAT THE WORLD WILL BE A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN, AND...
COOL IT, CHIEF... YOUR MOVING WORDS GET ME ALL CHOKED UP.
SCREEE
I CAN'T COPE WITH IT, SUPER SLOB-THIS CAR'S A JINX.
INDEED.
I'VE OVERHAULED THE ENGINE FOR THREE NIGHTS, NOW; THEN WHEN I START IT UP IN THE MORNING IT HAS A BUZZING NOISE THAT'S DRIVING ME BANANAS!
HMMM...
HMMM...
I SHALL DISMEMBER THIS MENACING MILL PIECE-BY-PIECE TONIGHT AND RESOLVE THIS CAPER BY MORNING.
SUPER SAID, CHIEF.


NEXT MORNING...
I THINK WE'VE SOLVED IT, SPOT.
GOODIE-GOODIE CATNIP!
IT WASN'T THE ENGINE BUZZING, SCOTTY, IT WAS YOUR MECHANIC GETTING HIS MORNING SHAVE.
THANK YOU, SUPER SLOB!
BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ
IF THERE WERE MORE MECHANICAL MARVELS LIKE THAT MAN...
...THE WORLD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN AND...
DANGER OIL SUMP
SPLAT
....THERE'S A MAN WHO LIVES UP TO HIS REPUTATION... SUPER SLOB!!
END

Is your hang-up

VEE DUBBS

The World's Shortest Comic Book— Nine Priceless Pages of Funky Funnies!



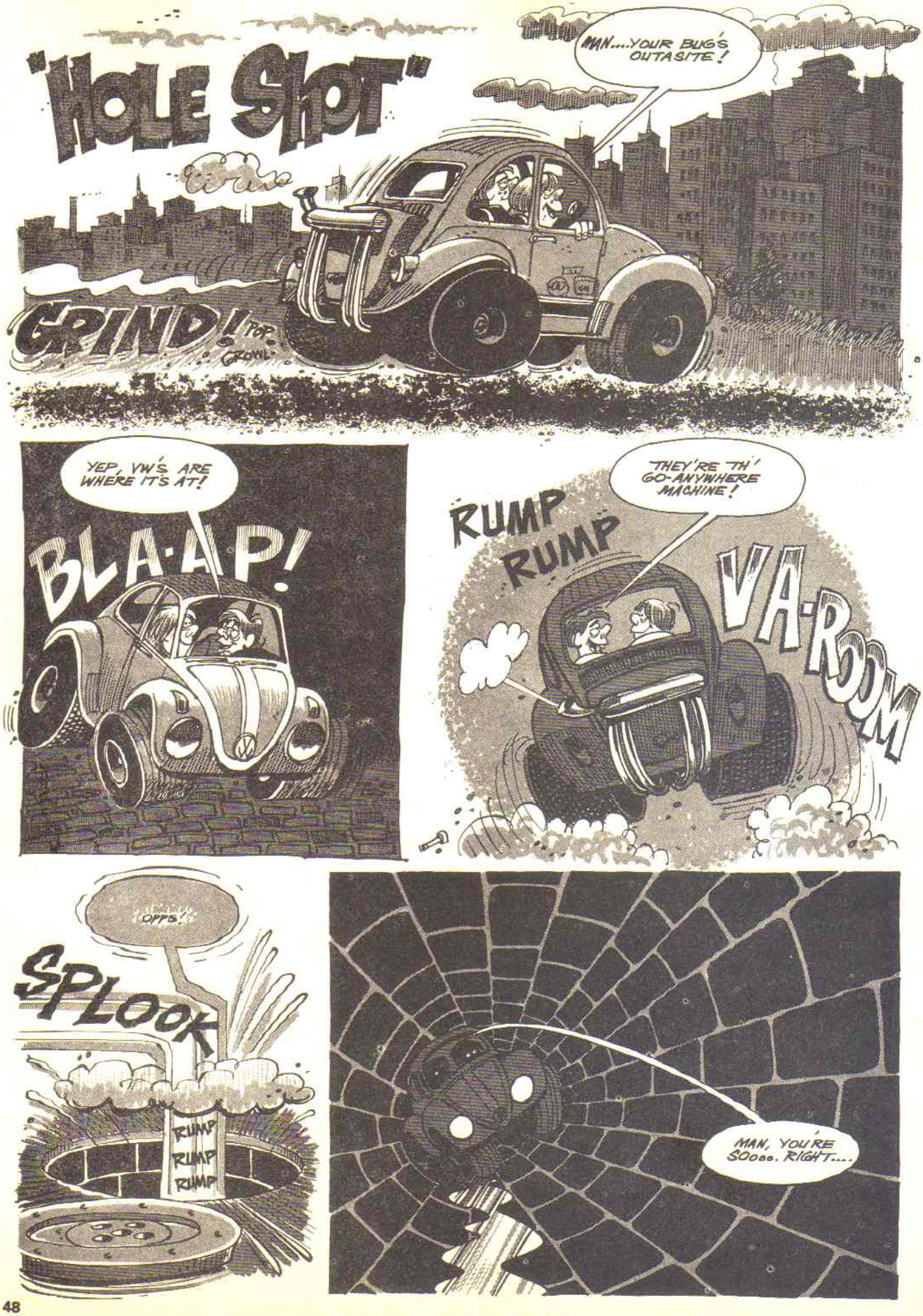
Next Issue—
FUNNY CARS!


A WRENCH ROMANCE STARRING
RAYMOND RANCID
AND HIS TRUSTED VOLKSWAGEN
WHITE MAN SPEAK WITH TORQUED TONGUE!
OOOH GIM-M-ME A HOM-M-ME OF WHAR THAR'S DESERT AN' CHROME!!
RRRRRRRRR
WELCOME T'TH' BUGGY SALOON!!! WHUD'LL IT BE, MEN???
HI!! I'M YER BUNNY MISS KISSY!!
WALK WALK
MAKE MINE A SLUG UH OL' RED EYE!!
MAKE MINE A SLUG UH OL' PANTHER POISON!!
MAKE MINE A SLUG UH OL' SNAKE FANG!
I'LL HAVE A GLASS UH WATER!!
GULP GULP GULP
GULP GULP SLOP SLOP
SIP SIP
SIP SIP SIP
STUFF'S DYNAMITE!!

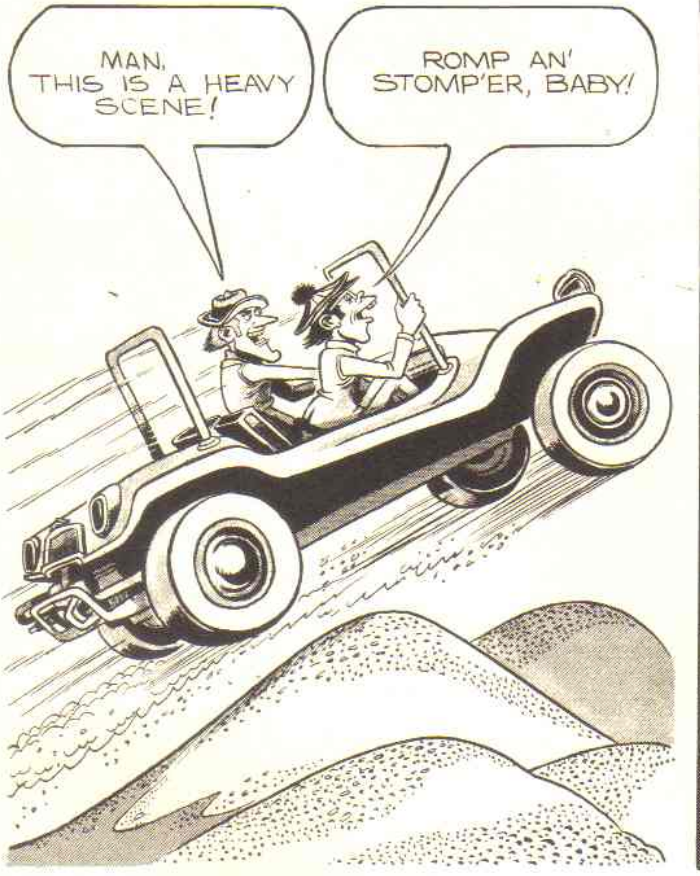

M'AH DUNE BUGGY KIN WHUP ANY DUNE BUGGY IN TH' HOUSE!!
...O-O-OH...
...Y-YEAH!!?!
M'AH DUNE BUGGY IS SO HOT IT KIN JUMP UH GULCH THIRTY FOOT WIDE!!
THA'S NUTHIN'!!!
M'AH DUNE BUGGY IS SO HOT IT KIN JUMP TH' MISSISSIPPI RIVER CARRYIN' FORTY TWO TONS UH CEMENT!!
PIFFLE.
M'AH DUNE BUGGY IS SO HOT IT KIN JUMP TH' GRAND CANYON AN' LAND UPSIDE DOWN AN' DRIVE EIGHT HUNERT MILES ACROSS UH SNAKE INFESTED DESERT WITHOUT WATER*
SNEER!
*THINK ABOUT IT!
M'AH DUNE BUGGY IS SO HOT AH DROVE NINE HUN'ERT MILES UP A MOUNTAIN FULL UH NAILS SO FAST THAT WHEN AH STOPPED AH SLID FER TWO DAYS!
LAUGH!
HA!!! THA'S NUTHIN'!! M'AH BUGGY IS SO HOT AH DROVE PLUMB ACROSS TH' U.S.A. ON M'AH LUNCH HOUR ... NEVER STOPPED FOR GAS AN' FINISHED WITH EIGHT GALLONS MORE'N AH STARTED WITH!!!!!
BLECH!


YA' CALL THAT HOT?!! M'AH BUGGY'S SO HOT AH GOTTA TURN TH' HEADLIGHTS ON THREE HOURS BEFORE DARK SO'S THEY KIN GIT A HEAD START OR AH'LL OUT RUN 'EM!!!
HOLD IT, YOU TWO!! AH GOTTA IDEA ... WHY DON'T YA'LL HOLD A RACE T'SEE WHO'S BUGGY S'HOTTEST!!
GLARE
SNORT
WELL??? WHUT ARE YA' ALL WAITIN' FER??!? WHY'NT YA'LL CUT OUT IN A CLOUD UH CLODS????
..UH..ER..UH... ..UH-H...ER...UH ER..ER..UH... ..SPIT..SPUT.. ..UH..UH...ERR..
WELL??
ER..YA' S-SEE..THIS H'YR AINT M'AH BUGGY... M'AH'N IS PARKED OVER IN TH' GULCH...
M'AH'N TOO!
..IS..IS..THIS THEM ???
ER..UH.. Y-YEAH..
Y-YUP GUESS SO...
HOLD ON T'YER GARTER, GAL!! AH GOT 'ER STOMPED T'TH' WALL!!!
..BUT WE'RE ONLY GOIN' NINETEEN MILES AN' HOUR!!
RAK
PUTT
POP
The End

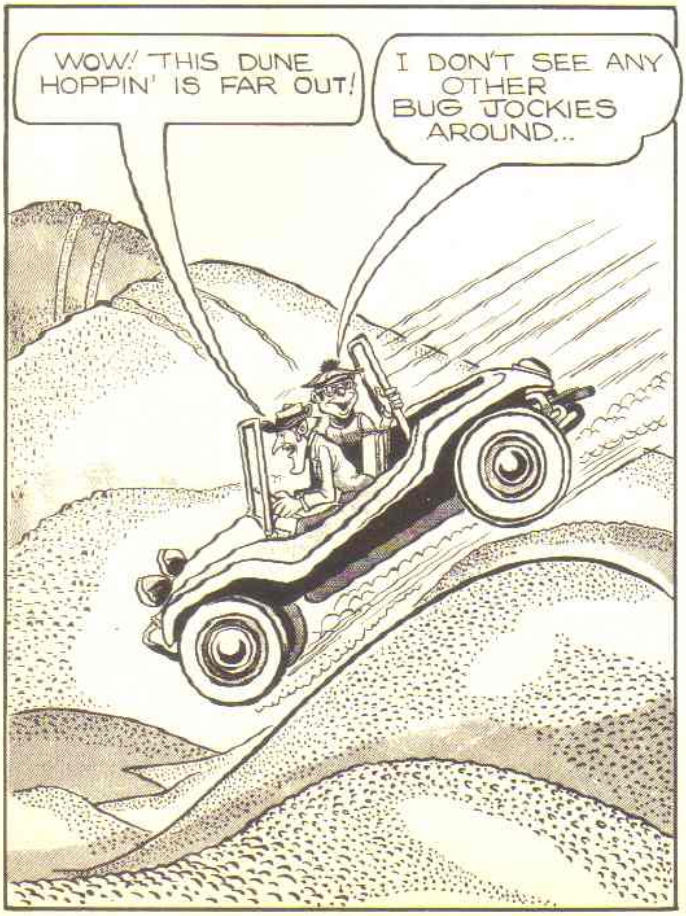

ALL HEART
UH-HUH!
DAVE'S GAS
HI, DOLL! WHAT'S HAPP'NIN'? GROOVEY DAY, HUH?
JIM WILLOUGHBY
LET'S CHECK THAT MILEAGE TAG...
YOU'RE OUTTASITE-ER... YOUR ENGINE IS OUTTASITE!
DAVE'S GAS
IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE I CAN DO FOR YOU? ANYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES, DOLL...
YEAH...
I KINDA HAD MY HEART SET ON GETTING SOME GAS HERE... IN MY DAD'S STATION.
.. END..


"HOLE SHOT"
MAN....YOUR BUG'S OUTASITE!
GRIND!
YEP, VW'S ARE WHERE IT'S AT!
BLA-A-P!
THEY'RE TH' GO-ANYWHERE MACHINE!
RUMP RUMP
VA-ROOM
OFFS!
SPLOOK
RUMP
RUMP
RUMP
MAN, YOU'RE SOooo. RIGHT....

BOXED IN

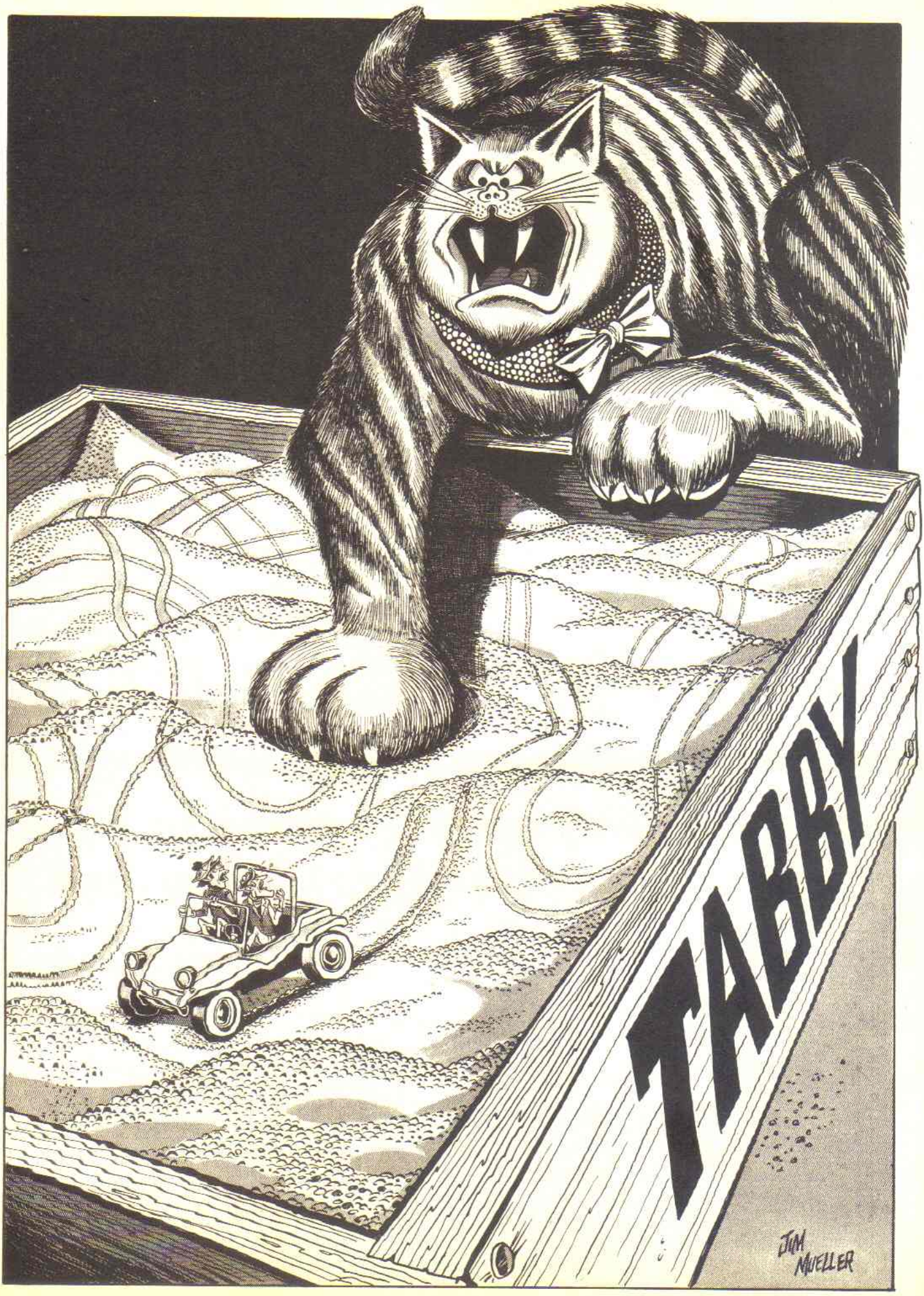




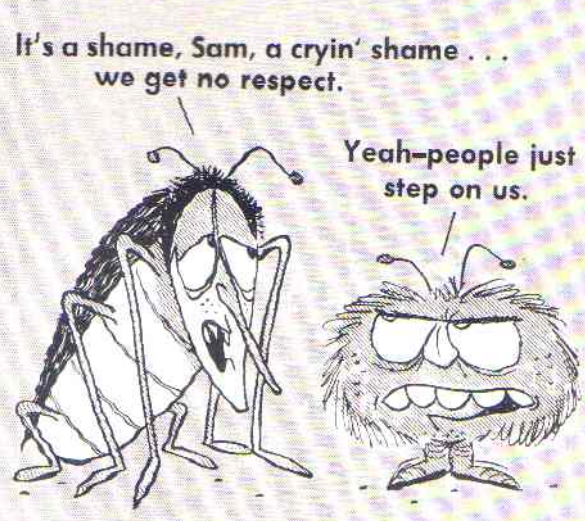


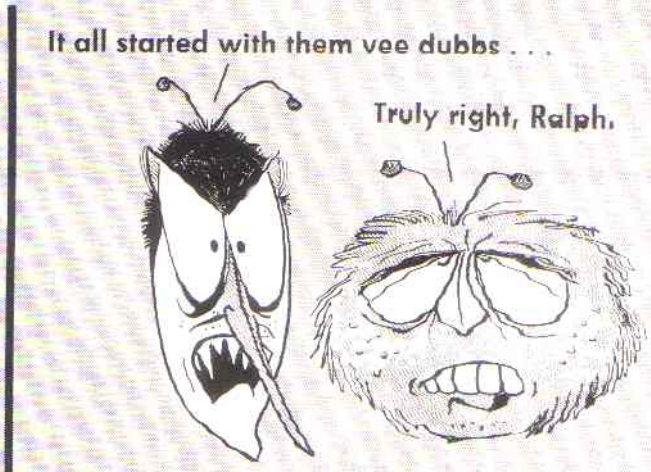


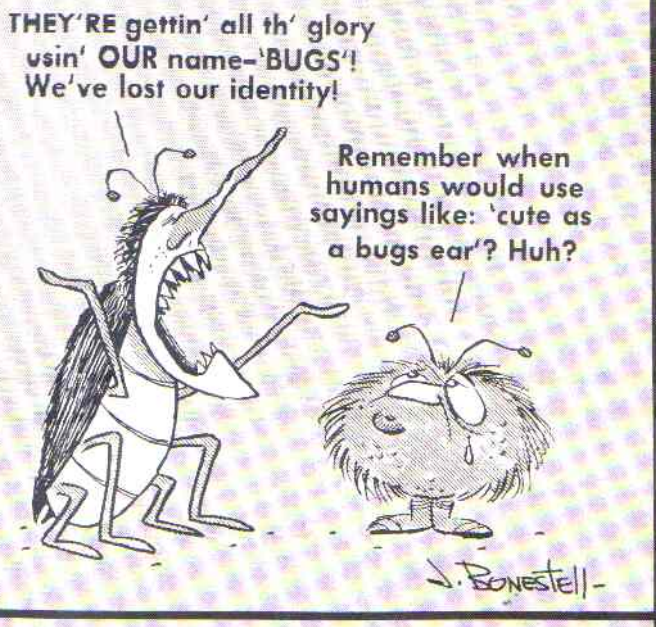
OVER→

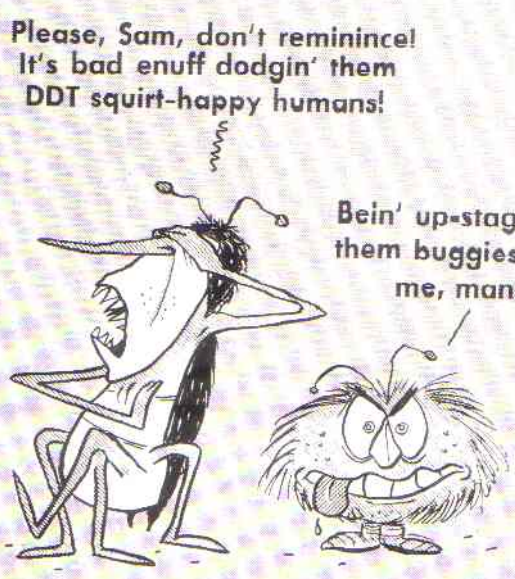

TABBY
JIM MUELLER

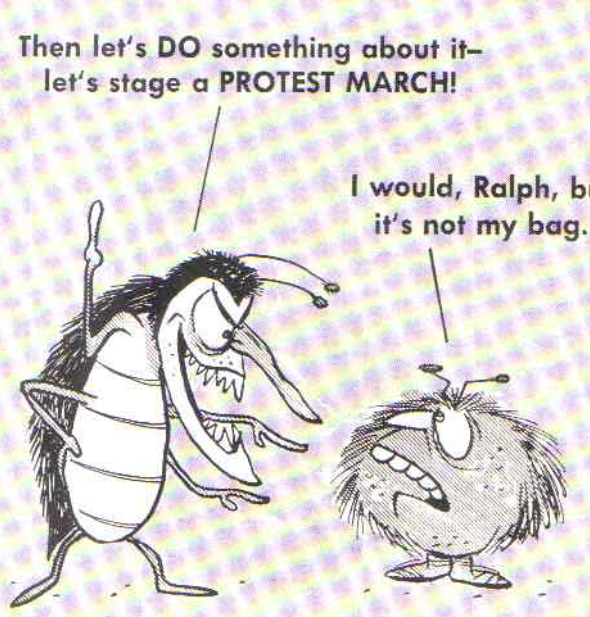
BUG OFF!

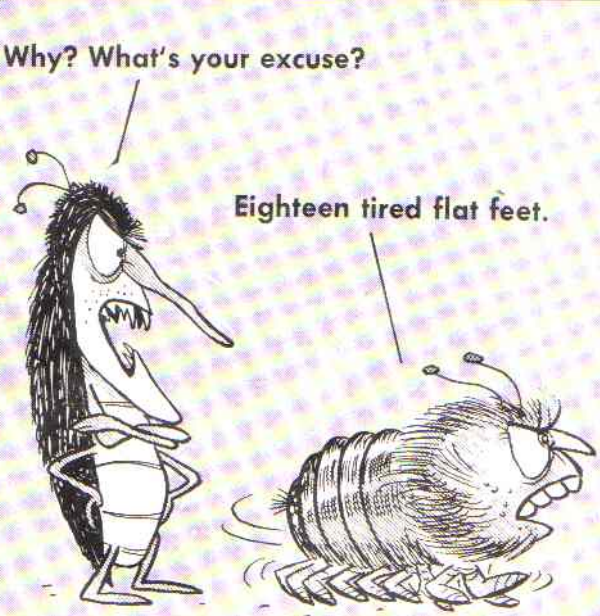

It's a shame, Sam, a cryin' shame . . . we get no respect.
Yeah–people just step on us.


It all started with them vee dubbs . . .
Truly right, Ralph.


THEY'RE gettin' all th' glory usin' OUR name–'BUGS'! We've lost our identity!
Remember when humans would use sayings like: 'cute as a bugs ear'? Huh?
J. BONESTELL


Please, Sam, don't reminince! It's bad enuff dodgin' them DDT squirt-happy humans!
Bein' up-staged by them buggies bugs me, man!


Then let's DO something about it– let's stage a PROTEST MARCH!
I would, Ralph, but it's not my bag.


Why? What's your excuse?
Eighteen tired flat feet.

CARtoonie fans! Here's your very own

GLUE-IT-YERSELF

BUMPER STICKERS!

Just cut 'em out with a screwdriver, and ZAP—you gotcherself a stickless sticker. Now go scrounge up a bottle of glue and a bumper!

Suggested optional places to stick slick stickers:

- **On your car's windshield.**
- **Over your buddy's motor-mouth.**
- **In your ear.**

